Saturday Review

ULY 23, 1955 / 20¢

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y Hollis Alpert

HE CONCENTRATIONS F ISAAC NEWTON

y Robert Strother

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y René d'Harnoncourt

oan Wilson, author of "The Man in the ray Flannel Suit." (See page 8)

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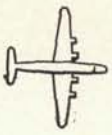

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The Saturday Review

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2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1954, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. Black-and-white photographs

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10, unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name, age, and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No black and white prints from color transparencies will be accepted. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.

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a. Original mounted color *transparencies* must be submitted (preferably mounted in metal or cardboard, not glass).

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c. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and should be written directly on each mount.

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e. Transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white prints and/or six color transparencies to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS DEPARTMENT. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1955, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWELVE PICTURES, SIX IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

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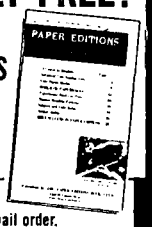

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(Advertisement)

THE VILLAGERS AND DEATH
by Robert Graves

The Rector's pallid neighbor at
The Firs,
Death, did not flurry the
parishioners.
Yet from a weight of
superstitious fears
Each tried to lengthen his own
term of years.
He was congratulated who
combined
Toughness of flesh and weakness
of the mind
In consequential rosiness of face.
This dull and not ill-mannered
populace
Pulled off their caps to Death,
as they slouched by,
But rumoured him both atheist
and spy.
All vowed to outlast him (though
none ever did)
And hear the earth drum on his
coffin-lid.
Their groans and whispers down
the village street
Soon soured his nature, which
was never sweet.

If you like this poem, you will like the book from which it is taken, "Collected Poems 1955." If you haven't been reading much contemporary poetry recently (and who has?), I think you will get a pleasant surprise from this book.

You will notice I say "contemporary," not "modern" poetry. The latter word has an unfortunate connotation, and Robert Graves, happily, is no modernist. His poetry has the emotion, the careful craftsmanship and, above all, the clarity associated with good poetry of any period.

Robert Graves' "Collected Poems 1955" contains the best of his poetry. This means, as most critics agree, it contains just about the best poetry being written today.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Collected Poems 1955," by Robert Graves, $4.50, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, newest of which is located at 6315 York Road, Baltimore, Maryland. Mr. Graves' most recent novel, "Homer's Daughter," is also available in bookstores.

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TRADE Winds

THAT AMAZINGLY ELOQUENT gentleman Carlos Romulo, who spoke up clearly and forcefully for the free world at the Bandung Conference, addressed a banquet in New York a month ago, talking about both Bandung and the United Nations, of whose General Assembly he was once president.

"People," he said, "sometimes complain that the United Nations exists only on paper and that even if it were strengthened the added strength would consist only of new clauses on paper." He went on to point out that the best we have is on paper: Magna Carta, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution. George Bernard Shaw summed up the same point another way. Years after his love-affair-by-correspondence with Ellen Terry the letters were published and Shaw, in the preface, wrote: "Let those who may complain that it was all on paper remember that only on paper has humanity ever achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge, virtue, and abiding love."

And, on the other hand—way over on the other hand—there is the Hollywood producer who had an idea for a screen play. He called in a couple of writers who rather liked it and agreed to go to work on it. The producer dismissed them with an airy wave indicating that they should have the whole thing written in a day or two. "After all," he said, "it's all done now but the paper work."

IN MY LAST COLUMN I REPORTED a couple of stories told at the most recent meeting of the Book-of-the-Month Club's judges. I neglected to tell you what book the judges chose at that meeting. The omission was deliberate because I wanted to tie in an anecdote that was a little too long for that column. The judges' choice—and the book will be distributed sometime this winter—is "Bugles and a Tiger," a volume in which John Masters remembers his experiences when he was an officer in training and later an officer in India between the First and Second World Wars. Along the way he describes a rather special final examination which he swears is given to all candidates hoping to graduate from Saumur, the famous French military school for cavalry officers. According to Masters, each of the hopeful graduates is given three bottles of champagne, three mettlesome horses, three lovely and amiable young ladies, and three hours in which to ride the horses a total of thirty miles, consume the champagne, and dally with the young ladies. The would-be officers are allowed to accomplish the elements of this three-hour multiple task in whatever order they wish. They can, for instance, dally a bit, drink a bit, ride a bit, and then repeat the pattern, or schedule themselves in any other fashion they think most likely to bring about completion of all the tasks within the appointed time. Any way you look at it, it's a lot of champagne.

THE TELEPHONE COMPANY'S RED BOOK keeps urging us, in advertisements, to turn to its classified pages whenever we want a plumber or a used car or almost anything needful to our way of life; but not until Jane Magill, who reads mysteries for Dell, pointed it out did I know that in New York's Red Book there is a classification of "writers" and a column and a half of literary folk and literary services listed thereunder. Who uses this classification? Are there people who can't write and know they need writers? Does someone ever wake up in the middle of the night with an urgent wish for some original writing? Has any publisher, realizing he needed another book or two on his fall list, ever feverishly thumbed this column? I'm going to communicate with some of the writers listed in the Red Book and ask them if they ever had calls as a result of the listing and, if so, what kind. If fruitful this research will be reported.

IT MAY BE POSSIBLE presently to report the results of some rather more serious researches, investigations into America's reading habits. Meanwhile a word about research itself. While the familiar type of market study (Which of these brands do you prefer? Why? How often do you buy one? Where?) is still usefully employed, new research techniques are increasingly evident. For some years now motivational studies in which a comparatively few respondents are deeply probed for their unconscious attitudes to beer or breakfast food have attempted to supply the advertiser with a kind of knowledge-in-depth. There are still other methods. The projective for instance: Recently a national body of women's church organizations was disturbed by the lack of new, young members. Typical research methods (What do you think of the organization? Why do you belong? Why don't you?) revealed nothing. Everybody—member or not—said the organization was just ducky. Then a smart new-style research man was called in. He arranged for a few hundred interviews with present members and asked just one question: "If you invited an intelligent young woman, newly come to your community, to one of your church group meetings what would she think of it?" The respondents projected themselves into this situation, blushed, and blurted the hitherto hidden answer, "She'd think we were silly with our long-winded reports and our old-fashioned procedure . . . I wouldn't dream of bringing a smart young woman to a meeting!" End of research. Beginning of organizational streamlining.

FROM THE PUBLISHER of Clifton Fadiman's "Party of One" comes the following: The Voice of America was reviewing this best seller for the French National Network, and the problem was how to translate the title into French. A literal translation would be incomprehensible to the French—a party with just one person present—*incroyable!* The predicament was solved finally by using the title of the book in English throughout the review and inserting an explanatory sentence: " 'Party of One,' *titre ambigu, pourrait se traduire alternativement par 'A ma seule opinion,' ou 'Pour mon seul plaisir.'* "

I MENTIONED JANE MAGILL before. She and her husband, Louis Salomon—he's a professor of English at Brooklyn College (Why teach that subject there? Everyone in the borough can pronounce "Newcombe" and what more need be said?)—visited Capri a few years ago and met Norman Douglas not long before Douglas died. They and Douglas became quite friendly, and, when about to leave, they wanted to know if there was anything they could do for the then old and shabbily majestic author of "South Wind." Well, it seems there was something they could do. Douglas liked his pinch of snuff, but snuff had to be imported to Capri, and Douglas couldn't afford to pay the duty. So, would Jane and Louis write him occasionally and sprinkle into the envelope a few grains of snuff? Not enough to make the postal authorities suspicious, but at least enough to make an occasional stimulating pinch? Far be it from me to say whether Jane and Louis complied with this request—I am not one of Capri's postal authorities.

—ALAN GREEN.

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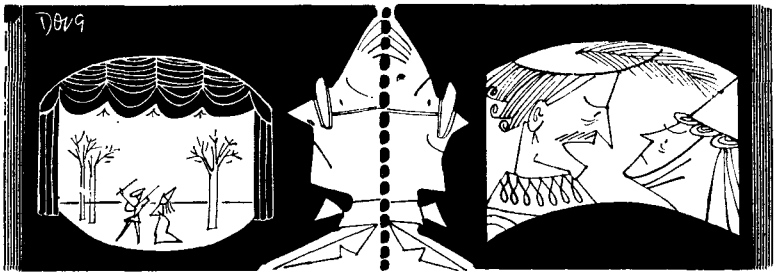
The Saturday Review
JULY 23, 1955

MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN THE STAGE



By HOLLIS ALPERT

Thirty or forty auditoriums for the most part aged and musty scattered near New York's Broadway from Times Square to Columbus Circle—plus a few houses on lower Second Avenue and in the Village—are what is termed "The American Theatre." Is this institution alive? Is English drama—one of the richest treasures of man—reduced to these material proportions, or is "The American Theatre" only a ritual as esoteric as Sanskrit chants or the Siamese likay? *Hollis Alpert, well-known movie critic and short-story writer, argues that English drama is as lusty as ever; but it doesn't live on Broadway. It lives down the street at the movies. In an early issue Henry Hewes,* SR*'s drama critic, will dispute this claim.*

THERE is a school of thought—evidences of it are encountered at cocktail parties, in esoteric film journals, at the M-G-M commissary, and, occasionally, in books written by drama critics—that the movies as a possible art form came to a halt when the soundtrack was invented. The cinematic medium thereafter proceeded to limp along, impeded and cluttered by this thing called words. In these elegant circles, which consider the theatre to be a privileged (and embattled) sanctuary, movies have never been admitted to be a branch of the drama, and only so long as the cinema maintained its freakish character (showing people moving their lips soundlessly, expressing only mute passion) was it allowed a place in the scheme of things at all. Theatre geared to a stream of words was to be found only on the stage.

But movies refused to stay silent, and now and then they can be found talking very well indeed. It's even time to consider the possibility that the film, with its newly expanded screen and its superior resources for staging, is not only a form of theatre, but—in almost all ways—by far the best form.

This, however, is seldom admitted. One film historian upon being asked recently to list the ten best movies of all time quickly named ten pictures made before 1928. The list was a familiar one, including such movies as "Potemkin," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "City Lights," and "Variety." Nothing made after the era of sound came into being seemed, in his view, the equal of these silent classics. There are little cinema societies, all across the land, which meet periodically to worship before the altar of the silent screen. The prints are dark, scratched, nearly eroded away, but still they flicker on for rapt audiences of ten or twenty.

The theory held by many who attend these showings is that the cinema, first and last, is a visual medium and that its primary language is movement. The movement is created by a change in the image, or by a succession of images. The images can be made meaningful by clever juxtaposition, and by technical tricks such as the dissolve. Walter Kerr, in his recent book "How Not to Write a Play," puts it as follows: "The silence—or comparative silence—of the screen was an inherent condition of the medium. The function of the moving-picture camera is to take moving pictures." Later on he says, "The good motion picture of today remains a cut-and-flash unreeling of meaningful pictures (the recurring railroad tracks, the clock, the deserted street of 'High Noon') helped

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THERE is no such thing as photography in depth; a picture cannot record more than meets the camera's eye. A succession of cannily related shots can suggest an impression of depth, can burrow by implication a few inches beneath the surface; but it cannot dig so deep as a brilliantly related succession of words can. Words are subtler than pictures, capable of connoting a greater complexity than pictures. Inventively combined, they can cut closer to the heart's core; an imagined contest between the finest film ever made and the finest play ever written must inevitably end in victory for the play, by virtue of its verbal profundity.—*Walter Kerr, in "How Not to Write a Play."*

One picture is worth a thousand words.—*Fred R. Barnard, who in* Printer's Ink *credited the statement to Confucius, who, of course, said no such thing.*

along the way by verbal fragments but depending not at all upon these fragments for basic excitement."

Without wishing to belittle the accomplishment in "High Noon" I would nevertheless like to quarrel with the theory. I have found my enjoyment of a picture like "Roman Holiday" or "From Here to Eternity" unimpaired by the fact that the actors in them took a good deal of time out, now and then, to talk to each other. I have seen the camera hold still for quite a while to give an actor the opportunity to make an impassioned speech, and have felt some basic excitement.

Movies did not talk from the very beginning because they did not know how to. It is true that a silent movie technique developed and that it was often used beautifully, but why should silence be the language of the movies for all time? The reason the movies developed a language separate from speech was because of the need for a substitute. That movies have been enriched as a result goes without question, but to confine the movies to the silent technique would be like confining acting to pantomime.

To stay with the theoretical a bit longer—the movie camera does not, as Mr. Kerr would have it, necessarily take moving pictures, nor is the taking of moving pictures its prime function. The camera is but one step in an operation that has the object of deceiving the eye and creating an illusion. The reason that fifty or sixty million Americans go each week to the movies is not to have their eyes washed (as is sometimes assumed) but to see lifelike illusions, and, more than anything else, to be told dramatic stories. *The film is not so much an art form as it is modern theatre.* Whether a story is presented to us on a screen or on a stage it is still a theatrical presentation. The movies are, in essence, popular theatre. When the mass audience goes to the movies rather than to a stage play it is not only because tickets are cheaper or because the material is more easily comprehended (something that was probably true thirty or forty years ago) but because it is getting, in many ways, a better show.

This mass audience, from year to year, has come in for some extraordinary lambasting. The movie public is derided as being made up largely of adolescents, or of having a twelve-year-old mentality, of lacking taste and discrimination, of being fickle, capricious, ignorant, and vulgar. It is supposed to be an audience that punishes thought, that shies from the controversial, that laps up cheesecake, puerility, foolishness, the sensational, and the saccharine. Periodically on the stage will appear a play showing Hollywood to be a hotbed of asininity and cynicism, making products for the entertainment of morons. The movies, either out of courage or abject humility (I'm not sure which), will then buy the play and make a movie showing the same point.

On the other hand, the theatre audience is something else again. It is assumed to have taste, discrimination, a mature mentality, background, breeding, and, above all, a feeling for Theatre. As one young lady said to me as we passed through the lobby on our way to some bad seats to see a mediocre murder melodrama: "Isn't there something exciting about just *going* to the theatre?" It is possible to attend any lunatic Broadway farce, an off-Broadway exercise in neurotica, or an inept summer-theatre performance and immediately be crowned with a distinction, that of being in the upper, or egghead, level of society.

MEANWHILE, in spite of a passionate love for Theatre on the part of a good many who faithfully buy tickets to three hit shows per year, the theatre continues its decline. There are now about seventy Broadway productions a year, in contrast to the more than 200 shows on the boards twenty-five years ago. There are fewer theatres, fewer hits. Hits are made only when a majority of the drama critics agree with each other. The discriminating theatregoer has shown an increasing tendency to be led by the nose. The truth of the matter is that the theatre has seldom more than mild entertainment to offer us these days; it has little or no profundity. To intrigue the audience it has left to it the theatre must perforce go in for sensationalism, sex farces, and near-nudity.

That there are occasional good plays still to be seen is a tribute to the devotion and courage of our playwrights, who must fight their way through a maze of obstacles: the current "hit" psychosis, the heavy cost of production, the backer system, and eventually the critics—who generally recognize only two types of plays: hits and failures. What the theatre has left to it (spontaneity, wit, loftiness, topicality) becomes harder and harder to find.

Luckily, the movies, more through accident than by design, are currently filling the gap, and providing us with theatre—good, bad, and indifferent but theatre nevertheless.

While dozens of sleazy horse operas and crime melodramas emerge each year from the movie factories, the moviegoer, should he wish to be discriminating, can pick himself some movie entertainment that will stack up very nicely against what the theatre has to offer him. By selecting from the best of Hollywood, and the choice items sent here from abroad, he will be able, at least once a week, to find something of superior quality. On view at this time are several that should prove the point. Their origins are diverse—some are from books, some from plays, others were written directly for the screen—what matters is that they are interesting, and available. The moviegoer must be brave however, and not overlook the M-G-M musical "Love Me or Leave Me." He must find his way to the Japanese film "Gate of Hell" and the Italo-English "Romeo and Juliet." He will of course want to see "Summertime," with Katharine Hepburn, and a remarkable experiment, "The Night of the Hunter." Julie Harris will be found in "East of Eden," and in "I Am a Camera." "Violent Saturday" is a taut exercise in melodrama. "Mr. Roberts" will soon be around with an excellent cast, so will "The Rose Tattoo." The list can easily be extended. I am only offering a sample.

Now, cast an eye over the list of plays currently running on Broadway. At last count there were nineteen shows on hand. Eight are musicals, a few of which we might term best bets; we must give Broadway its due, and acknowledge that it is often at its liveliest and best in its musicals. And you could hardly term them egghead fare. Neither is "Anniversary Waltz" nor "Anastasia." The most pretentious item on Broadway at the

(*Continued on page* 31)

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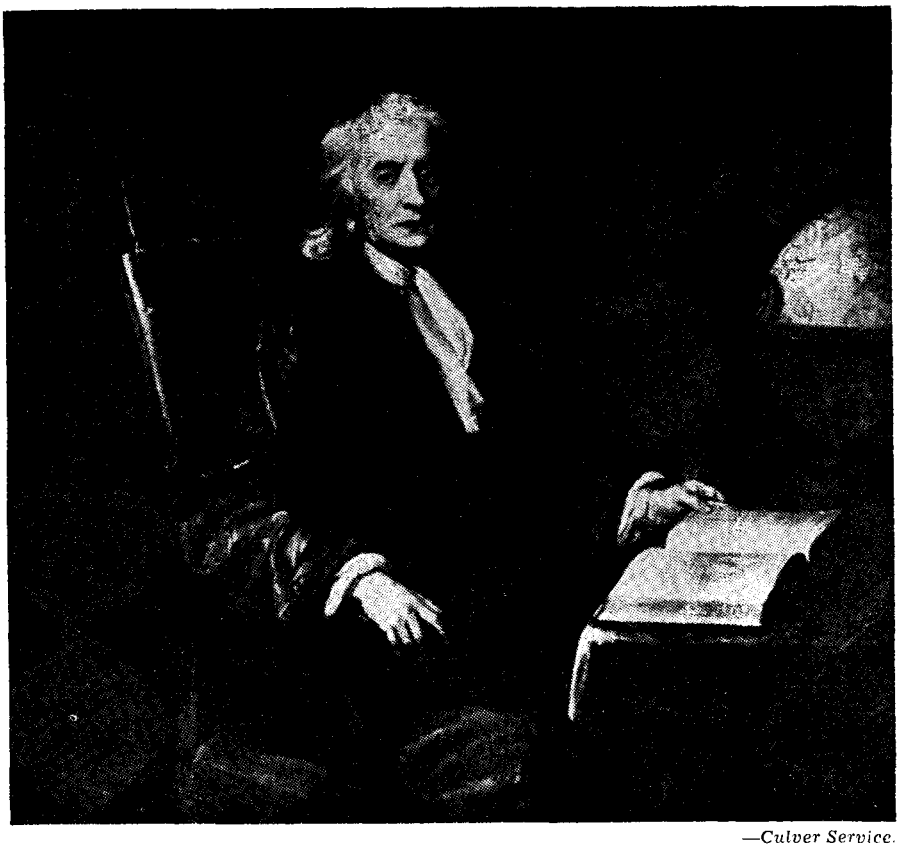

—*Culver Service.*

Isaac Newton: "I had no special sagacity, only the power of patient thought."

THE CONCENTRATIONS OF ISAAC NEWTON

By ROBERT STROTHER

EARLY on Christmas Day in 1642 a boy was born in a two-story stone farm house in the County of Lincoln in England. The baby was premature, tiny, and woefully weak. The two midwives sadly predicted that he would not live through the day. If he did manage to survive, they said, he would never be strong.

And so the baby lived eighty-five years, and the "poor little weak head" that had to be supported by a special leather collar early in life proved to contain one of the finest scientific brains the world has known. Its owner was knighted, heaped with honors by poets and philosophers alike, made a fortune, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His name was Isaac Newton.

There was nothing in the ancestry of this frail little farm boy to indicate that he was the possessor of a powerful genius. His father was a ne'er-do-well who died, aged thirty-seven, a few weeks before Newton was born. His mother, whom he adored, was undistinguished in any way from her farm neighbors in the village of Woolsthorpe. Geneticists in later years attempted in vain to trace his ancestry beyond three generations. The records they did find disclosed no clue to the secret of Newton's gifts.

These gifts were slow in appearing. As a schoolboy in Woolsthorpe and later in nearby Grantham, Newton was often at or near the bottom of his class—until the day he licked a larger boy in a hard fight near the school. This boy was higher in the class than he, and Newton decided to complete his triumph by proving himself the superior student.

Noting his increased studiousness, a maternal uncle suggested that he be given a higher education. Later the uncle obtained young Isaac's admission to Trinity College, Cambridge. Newton was enrolled at nineteen as a "sizar," which means he did odd jobs to earn part of his keep. The records of the College do not show where he stood in his classes, but Isaac Barrow, professor of mathematics, considered him "a man of quite exceptional ability and singular skill." In fact, when Barrow resigned his professorship, he arranged for Newton, then twenty-six, to succeed him.

The Great Plague of 1665 and 1666 interrupted Newton's education and had a remarkable effect on his career. In one ghastly three-month period one-tenth of London's population died. Cambridge University was closed and Newton, at twenty-three, returned to Woolsthorpe to "meditate." These meditations during eighteen months on his mother's farm laid the groundwork for all his subsequent achievements.

As a boy Newton had been regarded as a "wool-gatherer," and the neighbors said that he once walked all the way home from Grantham without noticing that the horse he was supposed to be leading was missing. The true character of this "absence of mind" became apparent during his enforced stay in the country. Plainly, the young undergraduate had an almost terrifying power of concentration, which he could bring to bear on the most complex problems for hours on end. Linked with this was another great gift—an intuitive sense for the right answer. He could penetrate to the heart of a problem with no lost motion.

From remotest times wise men had believed that the sun, stars, and planets possessed special heavenly quali-

(*Continued on page* 25)

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—Philippe Halsman.

THE AUTHOR: The University of Buffalo! Well, a mention of that institution in a sentence all by itself should certainly please Sloan Wilson, who in a rundown of the career of "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" suggested the other day, "In anything about the book please include mention of the University of Buffalo, which employed me while I wrote 'TMITGFS.' Writers usually make miserable employes, and institutions which put up with them ought to get all possible credit." O.K. Wilson, who is a size forty-two, thirty-five years old, and the father of three children, turned up at Buffalo two years ago doubling as an English instructor and the university's public-relations man. His academic life began after he had spent a whole year working on a couple of books, both of which he junked. By then his typewriter was heated up nicely, and he settled down to write "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit." His method of working was at once "disorderly" and "passionate." He'd dash off ten or twenty pages, edit them, and promptly fall in love with them. He'd then drop off into a sound sleep. By the dawn's critical light, however, he'd reread the pages and hate them. He'd rewrite. This went on and on and on. The first thing Wilson published was a poem, "The Soldiers Who Sit," which appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1945 when he was employed by the Coast Guard in the South Pacific. Since then he has gone through a good deal of disorder and passion, the results appearing in *Harper's, Yale Review, Life, The New Yorker,* and *SR.* "Back in 1947 I went to work for Roy E. Larsen, president of *Time,* in connection with the start of the National Citizens' Commission for Public Schools," Wilson continued. "The commission itself, with Mr. Larsen as chairman, didn't start until 1949, and I stayed on as assistant director until 1952, when I left to write the book." A few weeks ago the University of Buffalo gave him a year's leave to handle another assistant directorship for the White House Conference on Education. His office is now at Harvard, where he got his B.A. a decade ago. Harvard is 463 miles due east of Buffalo. —Bernard Kalb.

FICTION

Captive of the 5:31

***"The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," by Sloan Wilson** (Simon & Schuster. 304 pp. $3.50), a study of the most typical postwar American, the Commuter, is reviewed here by James Kelly of Westport, Conn.*

By James Kelly

A DANGEROUS man is loose in the land. He has been seen on station platforms in Westport, Winnetka, and Berkeley. Almost anybody can describe him for you. He is a neatly gotten up individual of middle height, middle years, and middle income. Young enough, though, to have killed a few people and engineered an overseas romance or two in the 1941 war, secrets he guards as carefully as the fact that his next pay check is needed to pay current bills. He lives with suburbanized wife and three children in a brave, dubiously built house which has turned out to be too small. He worries about things like inadequate schools in his town, and would be sincerely startled if you told him he was a clear prototype of the post-Depression, postwar generation now faced with the heroic job of restoring family fortunes and security. If he had time to define an "objective" it would be to hammer the world into a better shape for his kids to live in.

He goes in for careermanship in an impassive, deadly sort of way, but any reference to job or salary finds him airily poised with the right jocular jokes. When you see him mowing the front lawn in dungarees or fooling rather ineptly with some do-it-yourself problem he seems the composite of everybody who lives next door. When you run across him in the bar-car of the New York, New Haven & Hartford or watch him stride across the starlit plateau of Grand Central he looks disarmingly like anybody else in the uniform of the day—gray flannel suit, button-down collar, undented Brooks hat, scuffed dispatch case dangling from the left hand.

The caveat here is that alikes are not alike. Our man, the undetonated Commuter, is easier to describe than to define. His cynicism, desperation, hopes, and human stature cannot be generalized simply because he blends so well with a group which climbs aboard a train every workday morning. The group *mystique* of dry martinis, foreign cars, memorized sophistication, and possession-based social system (with psychiatric overtones) is a caricature of a situation not a man. Mr. Wilson, thirty-five-year-old former Connecticut commuter, graduate of Harvard, the Navy, and Time, Inc., author of one previous novel and numerous short subjects, understands these matters better than most as demonstrated in his deft and knowing portrait of "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit."

For fellow holders of forty-six-ride train tickets the portrait of Thomas R. Rath (man in the suit) will carry plenty of self-identification. Certainly he conforms to stock patterns, with a full assortment of the postwar dilemmas and compromising issues peculiar to a realistic breadwinner determined to get ahead in the world. As Tom and his brisk wife, Betsy, cope with chicken-pox or attend a Connecticut town zoning-board meeting or worry about school facilities or go into family budgetary session the focus is Leica-like. Putting it very nakedly, Tom's principal drive is toward financial security (a real common denominator) and he is handicapped by no boy scout code.

OTHER observers living outside the commuting belt and not quite so close to the picture may agree that the likeness is good while pointing to flaws in the rendering. In capturing the essence of Tom Rath, commuter, who is trying to cope with family demands as well as the urgencies of a new job as special project assistant to Ralph Hopkins, tycoonish president of a major broadcasting company, why does Mr. Wilson include so many interesting people and side-issues as competitive elements? Was it necessary to flashback Tom's war record as a paratrooper and his fruitful romance with Maria, the proud Italian, quite so exhaustively? Tom's grandmother, living in a moneyed manner without the money; Saul Bernstein, sensitive South Bay judge who acts as the guardian angel in Tom's tangled affairs as well as the town's; Buggy Bugala, on-the-make local contractor who sees a way to turn Tom's inherited land into a jackpot housing development by flouting the zoning laws; and the personalities and politics of a broadcasting empire under

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the direction of a work-dedicated chief cast formidable shadows of their own.

Finally, is it possible, the dogged critic may ask, for Tom's blackest problems to clear up so magically and relentlessly when attacked with simple honesty instead of the handiest expedient? As Tom reports this basic issue: "By a curious coincidence, Ralph and a good deal of the rest of the world have seemed honest to me ever since I became honest with myself . . . I've become almost an optimist."

Mr. Wilson's smooth, dispassionate style seems entirely suited to pin it all down. Respectfully, never satirically, he seldom calls for the scalpel so common to remembered "inside stories" of professions or ways of life. In exploring the complex personal motives that prompt a success-driven man like Hopkins to initiate a national mental health foundation the author had a sitting duck and refused to shoot. He is analytical and informed, not angry. If the total effect of his novel therefore seems blander, more diffuse, and gentle than kinetic content warrants perhaps an unmistakable sincerity makes up for it. It's safe to say that the author dislikes nobody in the cast of characters except Tom's grandmother's butler, an elderly trickster who tries to contest the old lady's will and is well splattered with spleen for his pains.

THROUGHOUT most of the book Tom struggles with circumstances, not character. Events happen or they don't, just as in real life, without much inevitability or central motivation. But in the climactic happenings that follow his blunt statement to Hopkins that the job can never mean everything, his frank admission to Betsy of wartime involvement with Maria, and direct avowal to the town fathers of his plan for the housing development there is a high sense of purpose and resolution. One finishes page 304 with a comfortable feeling of having been entertained and enlightened.

"The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" leaves no acid taste on the tongue, no reminder of the operating room. As a biography of the commuter it makes all allowances for the man inside the uniform. Unlike certain novels of advertising, publishing, and Big Business that have milked sensational aspects beyond all recognition, this one conveys more effect than excitement. A Literary Guild selection for August, it is a consequential novel, if not a definitive one, by a mature writer who knows unwaveringly what he is about.

Penetrating the Peasant's Life

"Earth," by Emile Zola *(translated by Ann Lindsay. Grove Press. 430 pp. Clothbound, $3.75; paperbound, $1.75), is the first adequate English translation of the great French naturalist's most enduring novel. In this essay-review Horace Gregory considers its significance to the art of the nineteenth century and of today.*

By Horace Gregory

THE belated publication of Emile Zola's "La Terre" in a thoroughly adequate English translation probably will not cause a general re-reading of Zola's novels. Half of Zola's immense popularity in his own day was the result of his taking first place behind the lectern of a new school of writers, the Naturalists; the new school shocked the sensibilities of the French Academy with such spectacular force that Zola's writings seemed to have been inspired by Satan, and the counter-forces of censorship were aroused. Today "La Terre" has a different aspect; it is no longer a novel to excite the prurient-minded, but even through the veil of a translation it reemerges as the last, the most enduring (since it was written over seventy years ago) of Zola's major novels, and certainly one of a dozen great novels of the nineteenth century.

In "Earth" Zola's particular genius (and Henry James was the first American writer of distinction to pay his respects to it) transcends the theories of Naturalism: the novel's tributes to the earth itself, its life-giving powers, the action of the sun and rain upon it are reiterated in passages that remind the American reader of Walt Whitman; the novel's characters are seen as if placed under a large magnifying glass which is less scientific in its revelations than passionately historical and moral. Zola's glass or vision illuminates peasant shrewdness and wild humors, coarseness and bestiality, animal joy of living, greed and irrevocable attachment to the earth.

In "Nana," "L'Assommoir," "Germinal," and "L'Oeuvre," Zola's previously written major novels, his devotion to his method produced no more than parts, if not fragments, of the well-documented world he chose to see. In "Earth" a more evenly balanced portion came into view: to represent the earth he chose La Beauce, a section of wheat-growing France, and at its center, the village of Rognes, and of its elder peasant families in the district, the family of Fouan. Old Fouan, grown too old to work his land, divides his property between two sons and a daughter to find himself an outcast and at last a martyr to his children's greed. The story is an old one: the decline of an old man into impotence and senility, but what Zola poured into it, into the familiar and the closely circumscribed area of its setting, makes the novel. A stream of peasant history from the French Revolution to 1870 flows through it; the survivals of ancient pagan faiths among the peasants are also there; within the village the politics of Zola's day are visible. All the extremes as well as the centers of farm and village life are put on view, nor are all its creatures given over wholly to lust and greed: ancient and ribald, drunken folly is represented by one of Old Fouan's sons, nicknamed Jesus-Christ; impatient kindness and mercy are shown by the visiting priest, idealism in the person of a large landowner, and simple, masculine virtue by the carpenter who plays his part as a witness to the scene.

IN "Earth" one rediscovers Zola as one of the last torchbearers of the Age of Enlightenment in French fiction; Nature with a capital N remained a force within his imagination, and to that figure, which took on almost the stature of a muse, he owed his power to recreate scenes of storm and sunlight, birth and death, harvest and earth suffering drought. The place reserved for God was very like that of the Deist, a small place represented by his justly outraged priest; his concern for politics was

(*Continued on page 27*)

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FRANCE

The Petrified Republic

"France Against Herself," by Herbert Luethy *(translated by Eric Mosbacher. Frederick A. Praeger. 476 pp. $6.50), is a Swiss journalist's study of that nation's past, politics, and unceasing crises.*

By Walter Millis

"FRANCE is not ruled but administered." This paradox is as good a key as any to "France Against Herself," Herbert Luethy's big, wide-reaching, well-informed, and witty study of the great ally which most of us know the best and understand the least, which invites our most enthusiastic emotional sympathies and our most violent irritations and even despairs.

Her democracy, Mr. Luethy writes, is "an amalgam of absolutist administration, tumultuous public meetings, and latent anarchy"; her economic system is one in which the meticulous defense of individualistic property and job rights—of *situations acquises*—has produced an ossification of productive effort and an impoverishment of most individuals from which there seems to be no exit; her legal system combines "a moderate amount of contempt for law, a moderate amount of arbitrary power on the part of the police," and a "labyrinthine" court structure through which everyone may harass his neighbor more easily than he can secure his own rights, into a result in which the individual is more free and more helpless before the costs of freedom than anywhere else in the world.

Even the tremendous intellectual and literary tradition, as notably exemplified today in Jean-Paul Sartre, has run down into a similar paradox. "Perhaps the most obvious symptom of the crisis of the French intellect is that for ten years it has been expressing itself in a quasi-profound jargon borrowed from Hegel, Marx, Heidegger, and Nietzsche, full of the most unassimilable Germanisms." The most obvious reason for this confusion is that "artistic, like political, circles are 'left wing' and 'revolutionary' . . . while the truth is that the social structure of this old country has become almost motionless, and its ideology has become ossified in the historical drama of the great revolution; it represents no vision of the future but a tradition, *i.e.*, the past." Elsewhere Mr. Luethy observes that if in France "the Republic is declared every few months to be in danger . . . what is referred to is not [the] parliamentary government, which has not been called in question, save by its own impotence, for seventy years. The Republic which is continually in danger, because it never existed, is the principles of 1789 . . . the uncompleted work of an earlier generation."

This general approach to the whole scope of French history, politics, economics, culture, and foreign and colonial policy may annoy some by its persistent irony. It may be open at times to the charge of exaggeration; it is difficult to believe, for example, that the business of food distribution is quite so paralyzed as Mr. Luethy's brilliant account of the Paris *Halles* implies, or that the building industry is so completely sunk in protected jobs, state regulation, and vested interests as he suggests. But if there is exaggeration there is also an underlying soundness of analysis. "Perhaps the only surprising thing," he observes of the building industry, "is that the French state, which for ten years was practically the only patron of building . . . was not in a position to dictate its terms and to demand proper building plans. . . . But the omnipresence of the French state is canceled out by its *impotence*."

So, in this view, it has been from the times when the Capetians laid the foundations of a French nation not by their ability to rule, which was deficient, but by their ability to administer, and to gather around them the scribes and lawyers and experts in land-titles who established the administrative bureaucracy which has remained supreme in French tradition ever since. Today "in France politics and the state machine function in two water-tight compartments. For generations France has been searching for a workable system of government without finding it. . . . Is it not the answer that because the administration works so well the only field left to the politicians is that of ideology?"

IF IT BE said that all this is unduly brilliant and paradoxical the reply may be made, first, that it is based upon a really thorough and sympathetic knowledge of all the many facets of the subject—as a Swiss Mr. Luethy writes from a viewpoint which is intimate as well as detached—and, second, that it yields truly useful and illuminating analyses of many of the aspects of contemporary France which have seemed most puzzling to outsiders. His history of French Communism is unmerciful toward the Communists, but it makes both the Party and the continued allegiance to it of the French industrial workers far more intelligible than do the unsubtle platitudes of Cold War polemics. Even after it was "expelled from

"At the next Cabinet reshuffle I'm going to ask to be Minister-Without-Portfolio!"

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the national community" in 1947 the Communist-controlled CGT retained the allegiance of a working class "that had given up a senseless and crazily conducted struggle, not because of any change of heart but because of discouragement and demoralization. . . . They saw the restoration of an order which refused them their share in the return of national prosperity. It can be regarded as illustrating the disorder which was so precious to and well-beloved of all other sections of the population. . . . The alien body in the political and social organism was neither reabsorbed nor eliminated; it was simply segregated and sealed off. The way back to the good old times could begin."

There are many shrewd comments on the French effort to continue both the foreign and colonial policies of a great power when the basis for either no longer existed; on De Gaulle's now almost forgotten pact with Stalin and the travesty in which it ended; on the present crisis of the French Empire, which is "above all the crisis of the French state itself, whose power to rule and capacity to form a political will have crumbled between an irresponsible Parliament and the sovereignty of an administrative dynasty which is similarly irresponsible." There are some acute and rather stinging comments on our own policies as well; there is a penetrating observation upon Britain's attitude toward European union and EDC: "The idea of Britain's giving up her special relationship with America and joining the queue of European suitors, of inserting a European economic directory between London and Washington, necessarily appeared to all responsible British statesmen as an attack on the very foundations of British policy."

It is impossible, however, to do more than suggest the wealth of brilliant critical appraisal which Mr. Luethy supplies; it is difficult to summarize his many conclusions. His final picture, however, is of France living in the dream of "La France Seule," a dream of the past in a modern world in which the past is no longer possible; a France so obstructed by the anarchy of her individualistic ideas and economic practices that she has developed a peculiar system in which the establishment of a Soviet-type totalitarian state would actually represent less of a revolution than a return to a Western- or American-type competitive economy. At every hand there is a vicious circle at work. Mr. Luethy by no means despairs of solutions, but at least he states accurately the nature of France's appalling problems.

Napoleon's Little Nephew

"Louis Napoleon and the Second Empire," by J. M. Thompson *(Noonday Press. 342 pp. $4.50), tells the story of France in the late nineteenth century, when it was inventing a modern form of Caesarism suited to a nation that had once known the pleasures of popular democracy. It is reviewed here by Professor Paul H. Beik of Swarthmore College, author of "Judgment of the Old Regime."*

By Paul H. Beik

J. M. THOMPSON has spent a lifetime studying the French Revolution, just as E. H. Carr, Isaac Deutscher, and others would seem to be doing with the Russian. Mr. Thompson's revolution is in some ways the more complicated, for the French of 1789 had an advanced, not a "backward," society and so few practical precedents that they took to picturing themselves as Greeks and Romans. Unlike the Russians of 1917, they experimented at length on the way to dictatorship. It took them ten years to invent "Bonapartism," a modern Caesarism designed for riding the tiger of popular sovereignty.

In a manner worthy of its outstanding British custodian, Mr. Thompson has told this story in books such as "The French Revolution," "Leaders of the French Revolution," "Robespierre" (2 vols.), and "Napoleon Bonaparte: His Rise and Fall." He has always displayed a talent for relevant detail, particularly the biographical, and for making French behavior understandable to British readers. These qualities are now brought to bear on another Bonaparte, Napoleon III, whose life interlaces French history from Waterloo to Sedan. "I was led on . . .," writes the author, ". . because it seemed to me that . . . the Second Empire was the direct sequel of the First Empire, and the natural transition from the First to the Third Republic." On a less abstract plane, Louis Napoleon was a man with "the will to be great and the wish to do good," but "too small for the great things he set out to do; too prone to be led by weak or bad friends; too quick to take dreams for facts; one who walked in his sleep, and woke too late to save a fall." The author compares him to Hamlet, also challenged by a wrong to his family, full of dreams of setting the world right, but not strong enough to succeed wholly.

For the portrait which emerges in this biography is of a mild, intuitive, indolent, yet stubborn man, "an adventurer, too, in a land of ideas unexplored by his uncle's eighteenth-century mind." But the sum of Louis's intuitions never amounted to a fixed purpose; he had not the will to

Louis Napoleon—". . . 'the will to be great'."

—*Illustrations from the book.*

A German caricature of 1870.

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persist in one plan . . ." Mr. Thompson's emperor is not the man one finds in another recent biography, Albert Guérard's "Napoleon III" (*SR* June 4). In the Guérard Napoleon "we have to deal neither with a utopian nor with a doctrinaire, but with a realist who had a purpose and a method. The purpose was the service of the whole people: he was a democrat of the Caesarian type—and therefore a Socialist." Mr. Thompson, as if in answer, remarks: "It was one of the penalties Louis had to pay for his amateurish Socialism and easygoing dictatorship that his Government was blamed for failure to reform customs centuries old, and the millennial vices of mankind."

IF AFTER such quotations there is to be a choosing of sides the reviewer will line up with Mr. Thompson, not because the latter knows more about the Second Empire than Mr. Guérard —the contrary is probably true—but on the issue of "Bonapartism" and its value. Both biographers are aware of the significance of this issue which, with the bright colors of the era and the galaxy of personalities, probably accounts for our persistent interest in a distant period. In realms of theory even Messrs. Carr and Deutscher, with their gray Russians, must still cope with an essentially Bonapartist problem. For anyone with a taste for this abstract fare Mr. Guérard's biography, like his earlier "Napoleon III" (1943), is alive with arguable issues, while Mr. Thompson, who has encountered all this before in the case of Napoleon I, expresses his awareness of the problem of Caesarism with an arresting quotation of Walter Bagehot's reflections on the France of 1865.

Not everyone likes social theory, however, and it would be misleading to imply that these books contain more of it than duty requires. Both are aimed at readers with a taste for eventful human existence, Mr. Guérard's to meet the specifications of Knopf's Great Life in Brief Series, and Mr. Thompson's because he is that kind of historian. The Guérard "Napoleon III" beats all handicaps of littleness, for its author is quite at home among the personalities of the era, and knows recent works such as Lynn Case's "French Opinion on War and Diplomacy During the Second Empire" (1954). Mr. Thompson's "Louis Napoleon and the Second Empire" is what its title implies, a life and times. It is well documented, particularly with memoirs and contemporary opinions, of which the English are especially interesting. In calling this reliable history "an impression" the author does his work less than justice.

PERSONAL HISTORY

—*Phyllis Cerf.*

Samuel Hopkins Adams—"one of America's great reporters."

Kneeside Reminiscences

"Grandfather Stories," by Samuel Hopkins Adams *(Random House. 312 pp. $3.50), are the experiences of an up-state New Yorker who lived during the early nineteenth century, as told to and now recalled by his grandson, a distinguished octogenarian novelist, biographer, and essayist.*

By John T. Winterich

FEW living persons are in a position to set down the reminiscences, in dialogue and in extenso, of a grandfather who was born before 1800. Two primary qualifications are essential for the prosecution of this assignment. You must be well on in years yourself, and when you were a youngster your grandfather must have been even further on than you are today.

Grandson Samuel Hopkins Adams and Grandfather Myron Adams meet these specifications handsomely. Sam Adams, born nine months before Stephen Crane, was eighty-four years old on January 26, 1955, the same day that General Douglas MacArthur reached seventy-four. Myron Adams was born "at the tag-end of the eighteenth century" and survived until 1893.

How authentic, then, are the highly detailed and circumstantial recollections that compose "Grandfather Stories," with a rapt young interviewer ostensibly hanging on every word and unwittingly trapping it for posterity? I think one can wriggle out of any possible embarrassments to anyone concerned by reading, for recollections, reconstructions.

True, Sam Adams did grow up to be one of America's great reporters. Born, reared, and educated in upstate New York, he was on the staff of the *New York Sun* for nine years and then went to *McClure's Magazine*. Thereafter his world was the world of the free-lance article writer, short-story writer, and novelist, but he was still, and always, the reporter. Early in the century, as one of the first of the muckrakers (a useful breed, even though maligned in high places), he wrote a *Collier's* series that tore the patent-medicine racket apart and was a powerful influence in the adoption of the Pure Food and Drugs Act. He fashioned a fictional detective named Average Jones that not many people of today have ever heard of. He wrote several light novels that were meant to be entertaining and were. Then he compounded a fictional sizzler called "Revelry" that had the town by the ears, the town being Washington, D.C. "Revelry" was about the Harding Administration's big brass. That was in 1926; in 1939 Adams wrote "The Incredible Era: The Life and Times of Warren G. Harding." (There was a stunning postscript to this in "The Aspirin Age.") Adams introduced Alexander Woollcott, his fellow Hamilton alumnus, to the managing editor of *The New York Times*, and

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in 1945 he wrote a life of Woollcott.

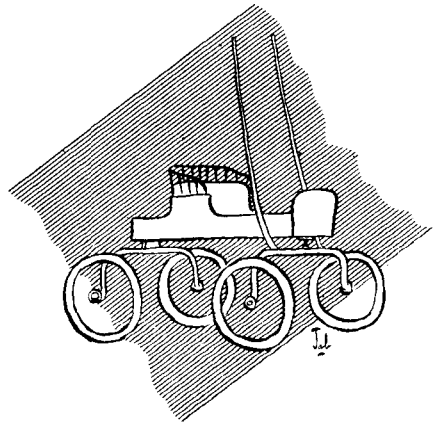
Fifteen or sixteen of his stories (his own estimate) were made into motion pictures, and one of them made great motion-picture history by winning five academy awards. Based on a story called "Night Bus," it was rechristened "It Happened One Night," and whatever your age may be you have probably seen it. Frank Capra directed it and Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert played the leads. Adams has paid it and them graceful tribute; his original, he declares, was "improved in the adaptation, and directed and acted with such artistry that I should like to see it again." High praise, indeed, considering the number of authors who are revolted if they see one of their movie adaptations once.

In 1940 a new Adams dawned—Adams the pageantist of the New York hinterland, the swan of the Erie Canal. Three novels of recent years—"Canal Town," "Banner by the Wayside," and "Sunrise to Sunset"—attest to his historiographical zeal, his enduring narrative skill, and his superb capacity to recreate an era.

WELL, he is at it again in "Grandfather Stories," which is era-recreating gone all out. Readers of "Canal Town" will recognize some of the identical phenomena in "Grandfather Stories," but there is no harm in that. Erie Water is once more the leitmotif; Grandfather Adams grew up with the canal—he even helped build it—and his conversation abounds in towpath terminology—*berm, hoggee, hurry-up boat, betty-lamp, occupation bridge, heelpath* (not good canalese), *path-master, mudlark* (verb). Grandfather's most memorable moments appear to have occurred in the 1820s and 1830s. There are references to "the iron-hard winter of 1826," "the zero spell of 1827," "the great gale of 1829," "the Gerundigut breach of 1831" (a breach is a hole in the side of a canal). Grandfather's grandson lists with nostalgic savor the names of craft "long rotted in canal-bed slime": *Stormy Lass, Young Lion of the West, Golden Flash, Try-and-Catch-Me, The Two Faithful Brothers, Ploughboy of Brockport, Chief Engineer, Breath of Cashmere, Starry Flag, Dawn Star, The Merry Fiddler* (successor to *The Mary Fiddler*, lost at sea). The nomenclature of canalside taverns, too, was of a piece: Hungry Pike, Hoggee's Rest, Mosquito Bend, Death to Clinches (*i.e.*, bedbugs), Welcome All, The Well-Stuffed Gut (quickly censored by the Canal Commissioners). There is mention of the Rochester Baseball Club, which had fifty members and met four afternoons a week. "That," says Grandfather, "was in 1827," and Grandson, quoting him thus pointedly, therewith bangs a blooper in the specific direction of Cooperstown—a favorite target of his disdain.

The pattern of these stories is the familiar formula of the grandchildren (five in this rendition, all male but one) sitting at grandfather's knee and popping questions at him, "Meet the Press" style. Grandfather takes on all comers and answers every query from one of these straight-men in a patois full of pleasant archaisms. Before he knows it he is spinning a yarn—about Erie Water, horse-trading, New Year's calling, the cholera epidemic, George Eastman's clicking box, the circus, pie-eating contests, witchcraft, skating, the underground railroad of slavery days. Each experience is compacted into a story, or series of stories, that follows the orthodox scheme (not so common these days) of opening, development, climax. But it is not the stories that count here—it is the remembrance of things past, the panorama of the life that was lived in an American town a century and better ago. To relive that life in these pages is a delightful experience—and one not so much off-date as might appear.

In all this calendar of minutiae is there not perhaps a single anachronism? Exactly one, by this reviewer's scorecard. Grandfather Adams had a horse named Horace G. (for Greeley). "Horace G. may not be as pompous as Dan Patch," Grandfather concedes, "but no horse has a more respectable character." (Mr. Adams explains that pompous was here used in its basic sense—"of fine and impressive appearance.") Dan Patch was a pacer who worked "to wagon," and in 1903, at Memphis, he broke the mile record at 1.57¼, McHenry up. Grandfather Adams, as noted, died in 1893; if Dan Patch had been born in that year he would indeed have been a miracle horse to beat any records in 1903, even with (and it actually *was* with) a windshield. These authors!



Dauntless Demirep

"The Game of Hearts," edited by Lesley Blanch *(Simon & Schuster. 532 pp. $5), offers the reminiscences of Harriette Wilson, the celebrated courtesan of Regency London.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

LESLEY BLANCH, editor of "The Game of Hearts," obviously treasures the old, the offbeat, the original. Her photograph on the dust jacket shows her, enormously decorative in fur and tweed, against a background of handsome antiques, and in her introduction to the book she confesses to "mooning about the antique shops of London" and to wondering sometimes whether the little rosewood table at which she writes may once have belonged to that celebrated courtesan of early nineteenth-century London—Harriette Wilson.

Harriette's memoirs as condensed, edited, and hand-rubbed to a finish by Miss Blanch are what the connoisseur of history will consider a find. Like the best antiques, they perfectly evoke their period and yet can be enjoyed and appreciated fully in a modern setting. In the process of restoring this particular period piece Miss Blanch has added an appendix of letters (from Harriette to Lord Byron and Edward Bulwer-Lytton) and another of biographical notes. She has gone through the autobiography of a rival courtesan, Julia Johnstone, and salvaged relevant passages to use as a running commentary on Harriette's text. Finally, she has set the memoirs within the framework of a long, brilliant, introductory essay on Regency London, French Romantics, the cult of Aphrodite, the economics of the courtesan, and the discoverable facts about Harriette Wilson.

The effect is stunning—and a little precious. For the flair that rescued Harriette from oblivion and the sympathy and scholarship that have been brought to the editing of her memoirs one can have only praise. Any reader less steeped than Miss Blanch in the Regency period will find her biographical notes indispensable, and no one who read "The Wilder Shores of Love" will need to be told that her prose is always witty, erudite, elegant, and allusive. All the same, seventy pages of introduction make a rather overwhelming appetizer. I am aware of the prejudice of publishers against putting footnotes in a book intended to have wide appeal—it is this prejudice, no doubt, which accounts for the

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way Julia Johnstone's "Confessions" have been sandwiched into Harriette's text—but I cannot help feeling that if the editor had dropped an asterisk here and there in the proper places she would have been less tempted to steal Harriette's thunder by telling too much of her story in advance, and we, the readers, would have been spared a good deal of riffling back and forth from text to introduction to appendix.

ONCE fairly launched on the memoirs, however, we catch the excitement with which a true collector of personality like Lesley Blanch must have lighted on Harriette Wilson. In her matchless opening sentence—"I shall not say why and how I became, at the age of fifteen, the mistress of the Earl of Craven"—Harriette comes electrically alive. As she prattles on of masquerade balls and champagne suppers and the opera, of what Sophia said to the Duke, and the judgment of Beau Brummel on Lord Frederick's new leather breeches, a vanished society swims into ken. It is the world of the English aristocrat at the beginning of the nineteenth century: a world of adulation, extraordinary privilege, luxury, leisure, and, as Miss Blanch reminds us, "the courtesan's natural background; once these things disappear, particularly the wealth which leisure implies, the courtesan is doomed."

Within this tight little fashion-obsessed society, from 1803 to about 1825, Harriette Wilson exercised a form of sovereignty as the most fashionable of the demireps. She did not meet the gentlemen's wives, but she had her pick, almost, of the gentlemen, and the Duke of Wellington himself had to wait in the rain if she happened at the moment to be in bed with the Duke of Argyll.

Although she prided herself on her hair, her feet, and her bosom she does not seem to have been beautiful. Her lovers adored her for her frank pleasure in her profession—"I was made for love"—and for her wild and childish ways. "Dear little Harry," they called her. The love of Harriette's life, Lord Ponsonby, told her she "really was an 'excellent fellow'." The Marquis of Worcester when she was obliged to have a molar drawn "turned pale as death . . . and long afterwards he always wore the tooth round his neck." He remained devoted to Harriette for nearly three years, and while stationed at Brighton with the Tenth Hussars missed morning drill so often on Harriette's account that his friends began to fear his colonel "would act in a way to disgust Lord Worcester with the army altogether."

When she is telling how badly she was treated by Lord Worcester's father, the Duke of Beaufort, Harriette can run on as tiresomely as any other woman with a grievance. The frown of virtuous indignation, she admits, is not her forte. But when Lord Ebrington comes back unexpectedly from Italy and finds Harriette asleep in one twin bed with a certain Mr. Meyler in the other ("Ebrington, on the wings of love, flew to his faithful Harriette . . .") Harriette is irrepressibly herself. Then we know, with a kind of envy, what she meant when, nearly at the end of her looks and resources, she yet wrote arrogantly to the successful new novelist Bulwer-Lytton: "I am very ignorant and can't spell, but there is this advantage in not reading, you are all of you copies and I am the thing itself."

—*From "The Game of Hearts."*

". . . masquerade balls, champagne suppers . . . a vanished society swims into ken."

Suffering Spirit

"Report to the Creator," by Jerome Ellison *(Harper. 246 pp. $3), is a "confessional" by a successful magazine writer and editor who fell into miserable ways and describes how he worked out his problems. Here it is reviewed by Lucy Freeman, author of "Fight Against Fears," "Before I Kill More," and other books.*

By Lucy Freeman

THIS period may go down in reading history as the era of the "confessional." The style started by St. Augustine has burst into full publishing bloom as prize-fighters, reformed alcoholics, movie and stage stars, and their relatives take to typewriter or pay ghost-writer to wield the pen and tell all.

Now Jerome Ellison, former editor of several of the nation's mass-circulation magazines, in his fifth book, "Report to the Creator," writes what the jacket calls "a spiritual biography." He unfolds his life from his earliest memories to his present existence in a New York City suburb, where he writes books, lives with his second wife, and teaches Sunday school. With storyteller's skill he takes us from boyhood in Maywood, Illinois, through high school and college, the Depression years, his first jobs in New York as cartoonist and columnist, a tempestuous first marriage, and the death of a sixteen-year-old son, one of his three children. He admits in no uncertain words that his life has not been a happy one, that most of it has been "overcast with misery, sometimes in dull abeyance, sometimes pouncing and tearing." His earnest book offers a penetrating study of a man who, suffering deep inner torment and not knowing why, tries all that is available to relieve the suffering. This is a brave book because Mr. Ellison dares to tell the truth about himself as clearly as he sees it, fearing no man, and the truth about one man cannot help but shed light on all men.

He has finally found a measure of comfort and solace in the Creator, to whom he addresses the book. It is the second known such report; a bishop of Hippo addressed a similar communication heavenward 1,500 years ago.

Mr. Ellison tried psychoanalysis after his first marriage turned out so unhappily, he lost a job as editor of a large magazine, and succumbed to

(*Continued on page* 30)

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WEEKEND FUN

Baiting the Hook by the Book

For the edification of the millions of men (and women) who spend their weekends hunched over bodies of water intent on sport SR *continues its Weekend Fun Series with a survey of current literature on fishing. The author, teaches biology at Princeton.*

By John Tyler Bonner

WITH a few notable exceptions the prime characteristic of a book on the art of fishing is bad writing. But what surprises me most is that it makes absolutely no difference. The point is that if one is uninterested or even dislikes fishing then there is no possibility of opening a fishing book; however, if one is a pathologically ardent fisherman, as most fishermen are, then it is of no importance how the book is written as long as the author sticks to the subject. If it is a time of year (or even a time of day) when one cannot fish the incurable fisherman will spend hours with a fishing book on his lap, avidly taking in the details of how to make a new knot, or what was the record rainbow trout caught in Idaho last year. In these prosaic facts he sees beautiful babbling streams, deep clear lakes, blue oceans, all stiff with every conceivable kind of fish with insatiable appetites for his fly or spoon.

I now realize that books of fishing are like books of pornography—there are always some people to whom the subject matter is of such great interest that the quality of the prose passes by unnoticed. I have been reliably informed by an English friend that the same principle applies in England to books on cricket.

To come to grips now with the twenty books that have been written during this past year or so on fishing I have classified them in rough categories and stacked them on my desk in appropriate piles. For some preliminary statistics on trends in fishing books there are three about fishing in general, seven about fresh-water fishing, four on salt-water fishing, three on spinning, and finally two that are deliberately intended to be amusing.

Of the general books Raymond R. Camp's **"The Collier's Book of Hunting and Fishing"** (A. S. Barnes, $3.95) is an easy-going, professional job in which each chapter discusses the bagging of some important game animal in the United States. Larry Koller has written four books for the Bobbs-Merrill outdoor series, all of which are undeniably stimulating to those very special fisherman hormones. They are small books consisting primarily of illustrations. **"The Complete Book of Fishing"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75) tells you where to go and what to fish for every season of the year. The total program if followed out would be a bit expensive, but you can enjoy this book the way you might enjoy an issue of *Life* magazine. The only unconvincing bit is a picture of low-water trout fishing in August where a fisherman is bundled up in a windbreaker and is surrounded by trees whose leaves have not yet emerged.

The masterpiece is Larry Koller's **"The Complete Book of Fishing Tackle"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75). Apparently Mr. Koller had the enviable job of trying out tons of every different kind of tackle for every different kind of fishing and has selected what he thinks is best and from this made a small, well-illustrated catalogue. The beauty of this book is that it plays on two major human instincts: the fishing instinct and the catalogue-reading instinct. One can spend hours with this slim volume; it is like reading an edited Sears Roebuck catalogue. Previously my sole outlet for this urge had been an outdated Hardy catalogue, and Koller's book may be favorably compared to that great volume of British literature.

TO turn now to fresh-water fishing: the complete Larry Koller has **"The Complete Book of Fresh-Water Fishing"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75), which is very brief but again well illustrated and undeniably contains much valuable information. I think, however, the best books on fresh-water fishing are by A. J. McClane, who is the fishing editor of *Field & Stream*. His **"The American Angler"** (Henry Holt, $5) is a most useful book on how and where to go for different kinds of fish but his **"The Practical Fly Fisherman"** (Henry Holt, $5.95) is really an exceptionally comprehensive volume on all the problems encountered in the difficult art of fly fishing. It would be helpful to beginners as well as old hands. H. S. Blaisdell's **"Tricks That Take Fish"** (Henry Holt, $3.95) is a rather unsystematic book full of helpful hints, many of which are undeniably clever, but on the whole I would say this book is not so well suited to the novice (or what fishing books usually refer to as "the tyro").

One of the books on fresh-water fishing is in a series on British sports —past and present, **"Fishing,"** by Bernard Venables (British Book Centre, $3.50). For the fly fisherman especially this book has many interesting historical facts but, alas, its having been written in England does not make the prose any better than its American counterparts. The meaty information is there but finding it is like walking over a rocky stream in slippery rubber boots. The one fine exception to the writing problem is Clark C. Van Fleet's **"Steelhead to a Fly"** (Little, Brown, $4), which is really exceptionally delightful to read. I do not mean to say that there is any chance that a man who hates fishing will like it, but those who do will enjoy it hugely.

For salt water Larry Koller again has done a satisfactory job with his **"The Complete Book of Salt Water Fishing"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75) and there are two very good books by Henry Lyman: one on **"Bluefishing"** (A. S. Barnes, $1.75) and one written in collaboration with Frank Woolner

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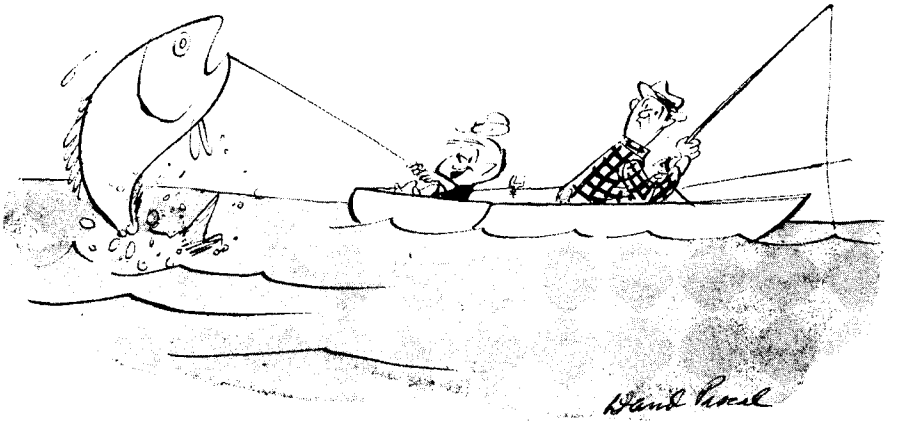

—*By David Pascal, from "You've Got Me on the Hook" (Dodd, Mead).*

"I dropped one of my lines in by accident, Dad . . ."

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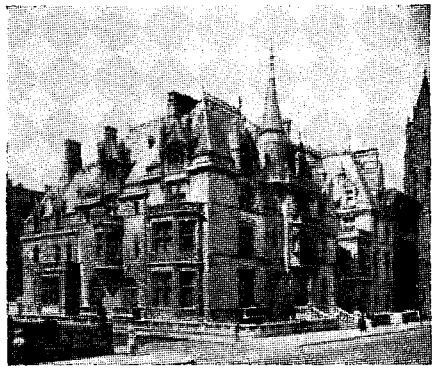
Our Man-Made Environments

"American Skyline: The Growth and Form of Our Cities and Towns," by Christopher Tunnard and Henry Hope Reed *(Houghton Mifflin. 302 pp. $5), is both an historical survey and a plan for future development. It is reviewed below by Walter Creese, formerly chairman of the Louisville Planning and Zoning Commission, who is now in England on a Fulbright fellowship for research in architecture and planning.*

By Walter Creese

THOSE who have come to look toward the Yale Graduate Program in Planning (of which Christopher Tunnard is the director) as a rich source of fresh thought on city and town development will not be disappointed by his new book, "American Skyline." It is a highly skilful essay unfolding one historic tendril after another. The message is sustained with only the most pertinent facts and the most revealing quotations. The search has turned up many aspects of town life almost forgotten now but full of import for the way we live. One of them is the surprisingly early reluctance of people to congregate for long in villages. Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury under Jefferson, was already explaining to Alexis de Tocquville in 1831 that "we have no villages, that is to say centers peopled by farmers." Even earlier the General Assembly of Virginia, William Penn, and Increase Mather were complaining bitterly about this "decentralizing" tendency because of the threat it offered to the ideals they hoped to carry on to posterity through close community organization.



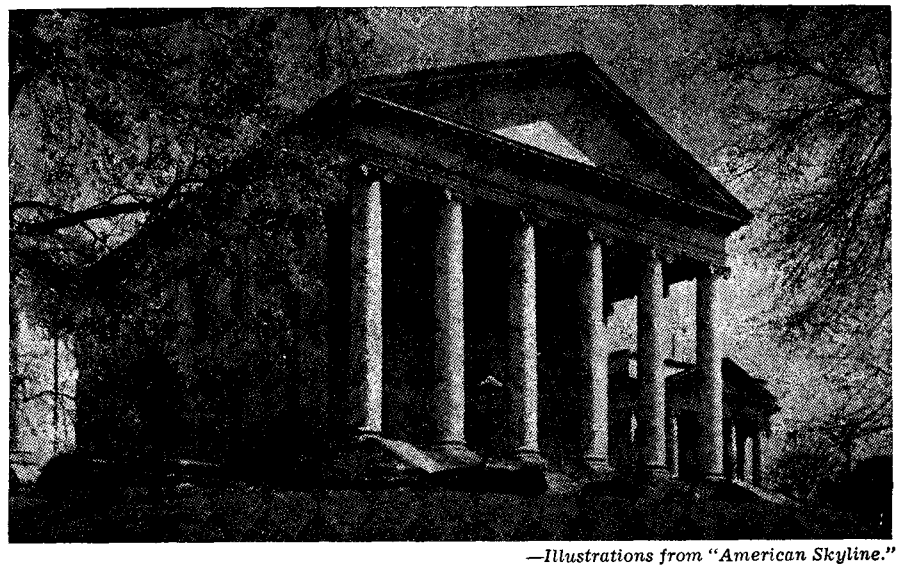
America's first private palace, the W. K. Vanderbilt mansion, Fifth Ave., New York, announced the American Renaissance Style.

This American individualism, which was to prove both a developing and a disruptive force, was another reason why the English system of long-term land leases could not last here. Only Baltimore still contains survivals of the practice often used in England to harmonize land use and the appearance of buildings. On the other hand, the quick sale and turnover of freehold land seem to have encouraged the universal adoption of systematic right-angled streets. This also accounts in large part for the lack of open green spaces within the blocks thus created. All this too raw and rapid growth is implicit in Whittier's little ditty, quoted in the text:

Behind the squaw's light birch canoe,
The steamer rocks and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves

The temptation for the reader is to linger among these native curiosities and to muse further on the great variety of utopian colonies, on the rise of the "People's Palaces" or hotels, on the boardinghouse and the three-decker, on the factory town and the ghost town, on the elevated railway and filled land, on Henry George's single tax and the Florida Boom. However, this volume has avoided the pitfalls of episodic color as successfully as the somber statistical chart. Other books have contained similarly intriguing (if not as judiciously chosen) items without drawing the serious conclusions from them which make this volume so substantial. The four most significant problems raised are in the nature of paradoxes. Four areas in our pattern of historical growth are indicated where tradition has cut back upon itself. Professor Tunnard and his collaborator, Henry Hope Reed, feel that if these problems can be sufficiently illuminated we may come to cope with them in good time.

THE FIRST problem highlighted is that of the regional city. The authors would look for an "instrument of government" which would make possible the "Higher Provincialism" of the philosopher Josiah Royce. "Just as Royce thought the province could save the individual in the early 1900s," they say, "so today the Regional City can encourage individual development and social cooperation—if it is once recognized as the new unit of society and national life." The great transportation lines and the big industries which have fostered the huge metropolitan centers have progressed through cooperation and they believe a similar spirit, applied to metropolitan area management, could do as well. For this reviewer there is much in favor of this conception. It might reduce the friction excited by the annexation efforts which seem to be the last resort for the postwar administrative expansion of central cities. Since the United States, unlike most European countries, does not have a national planning office, this would give some further hope for a more amicable rela-



—Illustrations from "American Skyline."

State Capitol, Richmond, Va., the first monumental building in the United States, was designed by Thomas Jefferson.

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House by the sea (1855)—"the road to salvation was paved with shingles."

tionship between the city proper and its non-urban hinterland.

The second arresting comment is on the democratic city. As the authors show, the desire to live in a "select" neighborhood began as long ago as the early nineteenth century. Nevertheless, anyone dealing with the everyday American city cannot help wondering whether the "exclusive" residential suburb is not doing some real harm to the postulates of democracy. Leaving aside the obvious deficiency of the tax base in communities of this type, it still means that the one-wage-level subdivision is not an adequate substitute for the small-town life which, according to novel and soap opera, is the national model of democratic imagination. Perhaps Frederick Law Olmsted's quoted pleasure in 1870 at producing in Central Park a place where young and old, rich and poor, and all races of men might mingle happily in relaxation gives a historical clue as to the direction in which we ought to move in this.

THE third question is that of zoning. The authors look upon it as a device of the "City Efficient" movement which followed the "City Beautiful" in the 1920s. Rather than controlling with a firm hand, as its power to say "No" would seem to imply, they are persuaded that it shirks responsibility for the total fabric of the city in its excessive preoccupation with land use. This is a new position worth considering carefully in the light of how often the Federal Government has felt it necessary to step into the municipal situation in regard to slum housing and downtown redevelopment. Whether or not one agrees that the City Beautiful movement accomplished in proportion to its high principles, it did take responsibility for personal and local initiative. The authors do well to recall the gigantic accomplishments of the unselfish Chicago planner Daniel Burnham, who was its leading spirit. His reputation has suffered in recent years from those historians approaching his career only from the architectural side.

The fourth paradox seems to exist in the vision of the United States as the richest and most powerful nation, but as yet not the most beautiful. How timely are the words of Thomas Jefferson for this: "You see I am an enthusiast on the subject of the arts, but it is an enthusiasm of which I am not ashamed, as its object is to improve the taste of my countrymen, to increase their reputation, to reconcile to them the respect of the world, and procure them its praise." This was written at a period when the nation was the focus of all eyes to see if it might survive. Even if we haven't enough self-respect to wish to dignify our country with beauty, it might be well for us to remember that we are again the center of world attention in a survival-through-leadership contest. The authors would like to see a national Department of Fine Arts established and art commissions like those of the City Beautiful movement.

Christopher Tunnard and Henry Hope Reed make a suggestion which appeals especially to this reviewer: that of using more artists and landscape architects on such commissions. Although our "individualistic" architectural and furniture designs often seem better than anything else in the world, the effect of a total urban environment where the investment in any one art may be relatively low, but where all arts functioning together yield an uplifting experience, as in Scandinavia, is an opportunity we are too frequently missing.

This is a non-technical book with a most readable style. It recommends itself to all who will have anything to do with a city.

Our Frame Buildings

AGE OF THE SHINGLE: Though there is no proof that the average architectural historian is a temperamental fellow, more than one student of American architecture may be embarrassed by the publication of Vincent J. Scully, Jr.'s study of our frame buildings in the Seventies and Eighties, **"The Shingle Style: Architectural Theory and Design from Richardson to the Origins of Wright"** (Yale University Press, $6.50). There is an explanation for this, as anyone in the know could tell you. The job was not only well worth doing but ought to have been done long ago.

Ransacking the files of the *American Architect and Building News,* as well as dozens of titles including the ponderous but essential "Artistic Country Seats" of George W. Sheldon, Mr. Scully has gone to no end of trouble to examine the work of the numerous designers of the period who fancied that the road to salvation was paved with shingles. Quite properly, the contribution of H. H. Richardson is emphasized, and the early work of McKim, Mead & White. Quite reasonably, the author finds that the lesson was not lost on Frank Lloyd Wright. Absorbing the free shingle style of the Eighties in most of its elements, Wright "also assimilated the design discipline of its classic moment and developed it more powerfully than did any of the architects who saw discipline only in the academic rules of the schools."

Though there are one or two printer's errors which might have been caught in the galleys, comment on Mr. Scully's human failings may be left to scholars who turn microscopes on footnotes. Admirably illustrated, mostly from old photolithographs, this is a singularly invaluable book, distinguished by pertinent quotations and calm assessments.

—WAYNE ANDREWS.

—Illustrations from "The Shingle Style."

Medford [Mass.] house (1877)—"calm assessments."

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Europe Needs No Babying

Editor's Note: The Saturday Review *is glad to offer its editorial page this week to René d'Harnoncourt, director of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, who replies vigorously to the recent editorial of Francis Henry Taylor, "Pigeons on the* Place, *Alas"* [SR *June 18*].

IN "Pigeons on the *Place*, Alas" *SR*'s Editor-at-Large Francis Henry Taylor sounds so doleful a note regarding our cultural interchange with Europe that I believe he may have mistaken the murmurings of the European pigeon for those of the mourning dove—a species native to our own continent. As the director of an institution actively engaged in an international exhibitions program I should like to try to cheer him and his readers by correcting a few misapprehensions.

To begin with, Mr. Taylor refers to "the error of those who speak of Europe's burning interest in the creative arts in America." He implies that exhibitions have been sent abroad through what he calls supersalesmanship, in a presumptuous attempt to force American art upon Europeans reluctant to accept such evidences of the existence of culture in the New World. "Culture," he contends, "is something for which . . . they feel they hold the copyright. . . . They will jealously protect it from deliberate infringement." The European is justly entitled to this copyright, he says, because it is "the one asset with which 5,000 years of longer living have endowed him. . . . It is only natural for him to exploit his spiritual properties at our expense." Therefore, "America in her cultural relations should be . . . rich enough and strong enough to cooperate yet not compete; to admit with easy grace her poverty and her weakness in the creative arts." "Can we not allow," he asks, "a Europe to whom we have left nothing but her pride . . . the luxury of basking in the sunset of her own great past without insisting upon the equality of genius at this precise moment of our history?"

Before detailing my objections to some of these statements I should say that, like Mr. Taylor, I am a fervent believer in the thesis that enjoyment of works of art and moral responsibility for them belong "not to any single people but to the people of the whole world." I agree enthusiastically that implementation of this principle through cultural relations should be carried out in a spirit of cooperation, not competition. But, unlike Mr. Taylor, I do not believe in restricting our cooperation to assistance in the protection and restoration of monuments of the past. It would be a sorry kind of cooperation for America to refuse to respond to the many demands that she participate in today's widespread exchange of contemporary art.

What I find appalling is Mr. Taylor's assumption that Europe is so devitalized that we need spare her sensibilities the shock of exposure to our art, lest she take its youthful vigor as a threat to some cultural monopoly of her own. To introduce in this way concepts of ruthless competition tempered by conspicuous charity should, I believe, be as offensive to us as it must be to Europeans. I cannot write off Europe as moribund. Nor do I find any evidence our cultural relations with her are conducted in the spirit of a prizefight in which the young contender hopes to gain the title from the aging champion by a knockout.

I am equally appalled by Mr. Taylor's reference to America's "poverty and weakness in the creative arts." In addition to disagreeing with his judgment I am entirely unable to reconcile such wholesale condemnation with his own allusion, later in the same paragraph, to the promise and vigor of American art.

IN showing our art abroad our motive is neither "to demand . . . complete capitulation" nor to "insist on the equality of genius." The agencies most actively engaged in sending exhibitions to Europe (as well as to Latin America and Asia)—the U.S. Information Agency, the American Federation of Arts, and the Museum of Modern Art, through its International Program—have done so in response to urgent requests from Government and museum officials in other countries. Since the war many more requests have been received than all our organizations combined could possibly fulfil with our limited personnel and financial resources. In their eagerness to receive these exhibitions foreign Governmental and private organizations have allocated generous sums to defray transportation and insurance costs, to pay for installation, and to print elaborately illustrated catalogues.

Both the exhibitions from America shown in Paris this spring, to which Mr. Taylor refers, were initiated at the specific request of the French

Death Unmourned

By Doris Dana

AY, Christ-soul, wrought of
black iron bones
and golden flesh.
Eye blue, sky blue, thrown to
with hale noon-day anvil
and dawnlight fishermesh.

Master of masts, singer of goals:
clean laughter-wing that keened to
the sky.

Sea wounds sift on black-
pebbled shoals.
Crumples like a banner the
Egret's eye.

Ay, youth man, oh my own
All my own,
dream still, dream till moonfill:
dream away tides,
moon-slumber alone.

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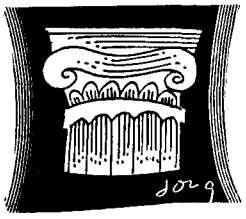
authorities. It was in response to an invitation from the French Government that our Ambassador, Mr. Dillon, appointed William A. M. Burden to organize the committee which arranged the exhibition "David to Toulouse-Lautrec—Nineteenth-Century Masterpieces from American Collections." The Museum of Modern Art had the honor to be particularly involved in what was truly a nationwide collaboration among American museums and private collectors, by taking a leading role in the organization of the exhibition and by placing at the disposal of the committee the facilities and personnel of its International Program. As Mr. Taylor noted, the response of the French public to this exhibition was genuine and without reserve. Though his figure of 300,000 is exaggerated, attendance has averaged 3,000 a day, breaking all records for the Musée de l'Orangerie and totaling 160,000 paid admissions by the end of ten weeks.



"FIFTY Years of Art in the United States" was also the result of an invitation, spontaneously tendered to the Museum of Modern Art by the Director of Arts and Letters in the Ministry of Education and made possible through this Museum's International Program. As Mr. Taylor perspicaciously observes, it might better have been called "Selections from the Museum of Modern Art." He will be reassured to know that when the exhibition travels to the Kunsthaus in Zurich, the Tate Gallery in London, and perhaps to other centers in Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, and Spain which have requested it following its showing in Paris its title will clearly indicate that it is drawn from the collections of the Museum of Modern Art.

It would have been naively unrealistic to expect the French to hail this exhibition with the same enthusiasm as that accorded "David to Toulouse-Lautrec." Mr. Taylor is correct in reporting that there was disdain in some quarters at encountering mass-produced objects in an "art" exhibition. Many, however, expressed interest in the idea of finding esthetic merit in commonplace objects of household use—an idea that has not yet won acceptance in France as it has elsewhere in Europe, notably in Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Scandinavia, and Italy.

The painting and sculpture (which Mr. Taylor sweepingly terms "frankly controversial," though it ranged from primitives like Kane and Pickett and such "old masters" of modern art as Weber, Marin, and Prendergast, through artists of various realist tendencies like Hopper, Wyeth, and Shahn, to the most recent abstractionists) awakened lively interest. Mr. Taylor underestimates the Europeans in believing that their attitude toward our art is either jealous or unreceptive; they are especially responsive to the strong new statements made by our artists in the past decade. In this connection I should like to quote two unsolicited letters recently received regarding this exhibition. Here, for example, is André Masson, perhaps the foremost French painter among the generation born in the 1890s: "The artists of the 'Pacific School' made a great impression on me, and everything in the new American painting which tends in the direction of spontaneous expression. . . . I have come to the conclusion that painters in the United States have ventured into realms which no one has penetrated before, and have done so with a fresh creativity that is truly admirable." And here is Pierre Soulages, twenty-five years Masson's junior and one of the most esteemed among the younger French painters, both in his own country and in the United States. A friend passed his letter on to the Museum: "The painting as a whole gave the impression of a most lively movement with very interesting personalities of a strongly marked individuality. The sculpture was a revelation for many of us. . . . This event has seemed to many of us of great importance. . . . Of course, it appears incomplete to me, and I am sure other and better choices might have been made, more inclusive of the various avant-garde tendencies. Nevertheless, it means a great deal to have had a chance to become acquainted with what was presented here."

We suggest that Mr. Taylor may have been interviewing the wrong pigeons. In all likelihood only the more disgruntled and timorous among them are content to loiter about foraging in *parvis* or palace courtyards. We should like to assure him and the readers of *The Saturday Review* that the skies of Europe are filled with other, more vigorous members of the species. High overhead the pigeons still soar adventurously, fulfiling their age-old function of establishing far-flung lines of communication irrespective of national boundaries.

—René d'Harnoncourt.

Bookmarks

OUR recent query "Ever meet anyone who was in sorts?" has produced this enlightening rejoinder from Gilbert Loveland of American Book Company:

> I learned last week that I had indeed met several. Mr. Ted Fletcher of our Production Department was telling me something about sorts I had not known. A sort is any character or type considered as a separate element in a font, and is usually in the plural. So when the old-time printer who set everything by hand ran out of certain characters he was "out of sorts." And I suppose you'd say he was "in sorts" if all characters were there aplenty in his type case.

* * *

There is a lady named Sina Spiker who believes in practising what she preaches. Not long ago she compiled a twenty-eight-page pamphlet called "Indexing Your Book: A Practical Guide for Authors," which the University of Wisconsin Press published, and a capable and useful production it is. But Miss Spiker wasn't done when she had laid down her last caveat. Suiting action to word, she compiled an index for her little treatise, as who would say: "Here's a target—have your fling." "An index will not add greatly to the usefulness of a pamphlet so short as this one," she admits, but we like the gesture, and admire Miss Spiker for making it. We lack conclusive data on the subject, but "Indexing Your Book" may well be the shortest book ever supplied with an index.

* * *

The word *masterful* is taking a lot of pushing around these days. Nine out of ten people who use it (statistics picked out of the air) actually mean to say *masterly*. Look them up, fellows, and you'll always remember, maybe.

* * *

Isn't there, perhaps, an occasional authority on something or other who wears his learning heavily?

* * *

A little boy who washed his face without being told was downbraided by his mother the other day.

* * *

If it is acceptable to trim chrysanthemums down to *mums,* and gladioli to *glads,* then why not, in all conscience, *dands, vis,* and *butts?*

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RESPONSIBILITY FOR TRADITION

JOHN STEINBECK in his recent editorial "Some Thoughts on Juvenile Delinquency" [*SR* May 28] has indeed given us something to think about. This "something," of which we have heard little amid constant insistence upon freedom and independence, is *responsibility*. It is the value of the sense of belonging which Steinbeck insists upon—the belonging to a family and to the idea of family. I think Steinbeck has put his finger on the basic difficulty which has caused the delinquency of a significant portion of young America. While I do not support Steinbeck's practical solution (to punish parents) and shall not argue my objections to what I consider an extreme punishment if applied as a blanket corrective, I agree that responsibility should be forced upon and illustrated for our youth.

It seems to me that what we need is responsibility not only to family and to tradition which the family unit embodies but also to a whole tradition of legal, religious, social, and national heredity. A child is part of a great tradition, and it is our job as parents, teachers, townspeople, Americans, human beings to make our children aware of this tradition and their responsibility to it. We must explain through every medium of communication available that man has developed to the extent he has only through his willingness to share his ideas and abilities. We must make it clear to our youth that no man is alone, that no man can survive alone, that no man need ever be alone. We have the lesson of history and heritage to teach our youth and perhaps ourselves. To me it seems not impossible, not even terribly difficult, to teach our youth by all means at our command that *we* is as significant a word as *I*. By *we* I mean we the family, we the people of a religious belief, we the people of a town, a state, a nation, a world. It should not be impossible, that is, if we understand and believe this truth.

WILLIAM E. MORRIS.

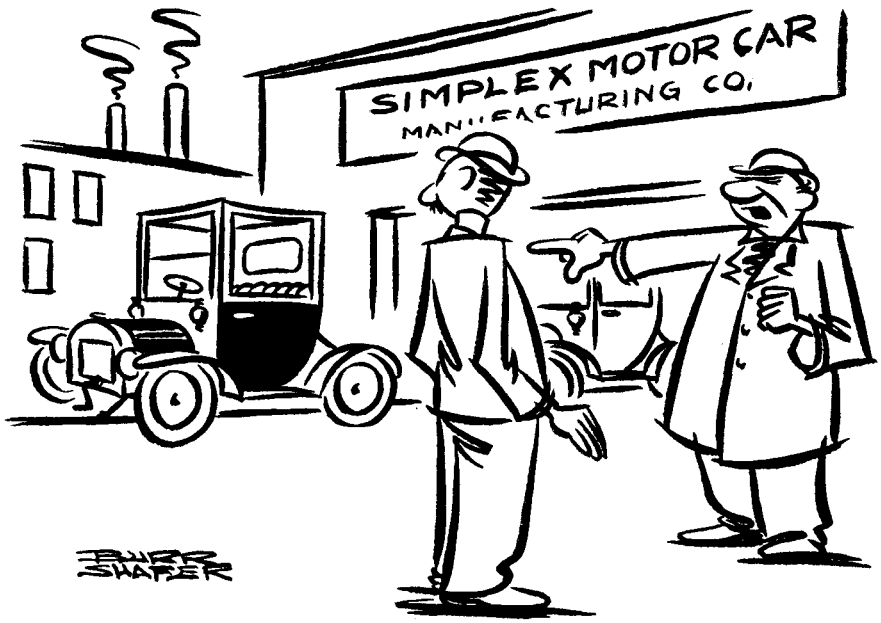
Chapel Hill, N.C.

IMPARTIAL JUSTICE

IT IS NOT juvenile delinquency that is "a comparatively recent manifestation," as John Steinbeck states, but the thought of crime in children as separate from crime in adults that is new. The human race would scarcely have progressed as it has had family responsibility ever been so stringently held to as John Steinbeck suggests. If we are to assume the same responsibility for our children as we do for our possessions, then we must acknowledge that children are the last group for whom—in a democracy—slavery is condoned. One of the great tragedies of child life is that the child has no appeal against evil within his own home, the damage against him must already be accomplished before solution or redress can be sought. Every original thinker, every pioneer, every man who has perceived a new way to satisfy human needs and problems has had of necessity to break through familial, social, and often legal strictures. Humanity has had a long history of boys who have early left homes intolerable to them. This freedom is more or less denied to American children, but with what have we replaced it? The child must now endure through adolescent years, nor has he any means of appeal, unless he commits an act of aggression which brings him to public and unfavorable attention. Let us set up a Court of Appeal for children, where they may bring their problems before and not after they are in trouble. Not a psychiatric bureau, which to the child mind means aberration, but one which represents the impartiality of justice.

EMILIE M. KUSSIN.

New York, N.Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Find out who's behind this vicious sabotage. Someone in the paint department has deliberately put two different colors on this motor car."

PROVISION FOR PARENTS

EVIDENTLY JOHN STEINBECK is unaware that if a son cuts up theatre seats or robs a store his parents *are* legally liable for damages. Parents *are* civilly liable for the acts of their children, but are not liable for their criminal acts.

This distinction is important. In our Constitution the bill-of-attainder provision forbids enactment of any law punishing anyone for the misdeeds of a relative—and this includes sons, daughters, fathers, and other relatives. Because the old practice of punishing one for the misdeeds of his relatives was so grossly abused, back in those days in England that Steinbeck eulogizes, the writers of our Constitution specifically sought to prevent such assessment of blame.

WILLIAM R. MATHEWS.

Tucson, Arizona.

INDECISION

LOUIS J. HALLE'S "Our Uncertainty *vs.* Our Policy" [*SR* June 4] should have been entitled "Indecision, Why I Accept It." If our diplomats and scholars can come up with nothing better than he did we must accept our fate and settle for with no hope. Naturally, history leaves us with doubt as to the perfectibility of Man. On the other hand, it also gives us examples of people who had the answers (the kind Halle says are dangerous) and who succeeded in getting these answers across to the benefit of mankind. There were those dedicated people who decided to pledge their honor and fortunes to the establishment of an independent United States. The early Christians pursued a similar course, as did the Moslems. There are countless other examples. What Halle doesn't seem to realize is that many historical problems of human relationships have really been settled. Isn't that what progress is?

He says that we can never achieve salvation and be able to relax, secure in the knowledge that all is right. This is a truism. However, we can solve one problem and pass on to solving another. If we took Halle's advice we would not try to solve any problems at all.

DAVID G. SPRAGUE.

Seattle, Wash.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Bard in Canada

STRATFORD, ONTARIO.

IT HARDLY needs affirming, but this year's festival is a badge of the strength of this three-year-old organization's production techniques. For this season Canada's Stratford has chosen to revive its "Oedipus Rex," to feature native talent in the key roles of "Julius Caesar," and to do "The Merchant of Venice" with an unheralded English actor in the part of Shylock. The result has been to shift the focus of interest away from individual performances or the exploration of less familiar plays to the skill with which these better-known works have been mounted.

"Oedipus Rex," which was impressive though not fully realized last summer when James Mason contributed a somewhat studied and brooding interpretation, is this season better staged and still features stunning masks and costumes and the very exciting portrayal of Jocasta by Eleanor Stuart. In the leading role Douglas Campbell experiments rather freely to give an original performance. However, it lacks the austerity and nobility we traditionally associate with Greek tragedy. The short and stocky Mr. Campbell bounces about swinging his shoulders as he becomes upset about details of the story. On one occasion he blubbers at a contretemps, and his argument with Creon seems more like politicians wrangling than princes clashing. When he describes the murder of Laius he resorts to the souped-up gymnastics of a revivalist preacher. This approach seems to impress and even move a large portion of the audience.

Mr. Campbell is not without interesting moments. At the point where Oedipus recognizes his doom Mr. Campbell moans twice and then allows the ensuing speech to ascend in tone as he gradually releases his shock into it. And sometimes he indicates a Freudian return to the womb by shifting from his customary baritone to a light tenor voice. Yet these devices are studied, too.

The dissatisfactions one feels with this company's "Julius Caesar" are partly inherent in the play itself. If it were a new script one would probably chide the author for having followed a suspenseful and stirring first two-thirds with a dull and sleepy final third. The better a company plays the first part the worse it makes the latter part by contrast. The Festival and director Michael Langham have attempted to avoid this difficulty by emphasizing the effect of Caesar on the crowd and on Roman life in general. As a result the chaos after his death and the coming struggle for power between Lepidus, Octavius Caesar, and Mark Antony become the point of the play to a greater extent than do the personal tragedies of Brutus, Caesar, and Cassius.

It would be pleasant to report that this scheme works, but in this instance the performances keep reminding one that it doesn't. Julius Caesar as played by Robert Christie seems a ludicrously senile old man with no trace of greatness left. Cassius in the hands of Lloyd Bochner comes across as petulant rather than cynical. Douglas Campbell's Casca is amusing as he flips peanuts in the air and catches them in his mouth, but he is something less than ominous. Donald Davis's Mark Antony occasionally rises to the appropriate height for a man whose depth of passion is both his virtue and his failing, but far too much of the time he reduces himself to being nothing more than a crafty opportunist. And Lorne Greene pieces out a Brutus who appears to be operating less out of idealism and honor than out of stolidity and lack of imagination. The nicest acting is Donald Harron's brilliantly cold Octavius Caesar. And the most distinguished directorial touch is the play's end, which leaves Octavius and Antony eying each other as if in anticipation of "Antony and Cleopatra."

THE drawbacks in performance of the first two shows happily fade in the benign glow of the third production, "The Merchant of Venice." Here director Tyrone Guthrie has really made this play back into a comedy that is all of a piece. By acknowledging the physical love between Bassanio and Antonio (who is, after all, the title character) Mr. Guthrie lends the play a logical base. Antonio is established as a man ready to make any sacrifice for the good of the boy he loves. And the final scene, usually so anticlimactic, becomes meaningful when Antonio swears to Portia that Bassanio will never more "break faith advisedly." Robert Goodier is physically right as Antonio, and Donald Harron catches the ambiguity of Bassanio's position beautifully.

The building up of Antonio and

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Bassanio accomplishes something else. It puts Shylock back in proportion with the whole story. As the usurer Frederick Valk injects a certain amount of stubborn humor and playfulness into Shylock's early scenes. Later he doesn't dwell too much on Shylock's personal tragedy, being content to work for the maximum effectiveness of the story in which he has, after all, earned his comeuppance by plotting the cruel murder of Antonio. The more he relishes this murder in advance the more satisfying is its last-second prevention.

As Portia Frances Hyland is a fetching little minx. When she comes to the famous "quality of mercy" speech she is wise enough neither to declaim it or throw it away. Rather she lets it become a natural and sincere plea to Shylock. And when Shylock makes a gesture of obdurateness the speech turns from pleading into angry denunciation.

AND it is in the staging of the many minor bits that Tyrone Guthrie demonstrates that on top of finding a brilliant total interpretation for "The Merchant of Venice" he can also come up with some highly inventive embroidery that preserves the comic spirit of a play too many directors seem to have forgotten is a comedy. Inevitably this embroidery places the emphasis on the devices used rather than on the acting. Such antics as Launcelot Gobbo's running up the steps on one side of the balcony to tell Jessica a secret while Shylock is descending the steps on the other side, just barely not noticing, or the dead-pan zombie-like Prince of Aragon reading a piece of ticker-tape drawn from the mouth of a miniature statue are remembered long after one has forgotten the characters themselves.

Another device which helps the play enormously is the use of a choir to enhance the scenes at Belmont. This makes possible a lot of lovely dancing that gives the play a much-needed booster of gaiety. And when the fully realized Mozartian finale comes to a happy close Mr. Guthrie leaves Antonio onstage alone sadly dropping the letter which has brought him good news about his saved ships, as he meditates over the loss of his most precious argosy, Bassanio.

Tanya Moiseiwitsch does the production proud with rich but never ponderous Venetian costumes and a marvelous Piero della Francesca motif for the choir. As long as Miss Moiseiwitsch and her crew of artisans are around, Stratford, Ontario, will be worth making reservations to see, no matter what reservations are made about the interpretations and the castings.

—HENRY HEWES.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
ASKING FOR TROUBLE *Joe Rayter* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	S. F. Pvt. Eye John Powers calls in law as oysterman dies untimely; many ladies dot scene.	Alimony plentiful in yarn full of odd folk with odd pasts; pace spurts, lags.	Lurid, uneven.
FULL HOUSE *Rex Stout* (Viking: $3.50)	Omnibus: Two full-length stories, three medium, covering 1935-1950 period.	Huge Nero Wolfe is at his crotchety best in this choice package.	One for the shelf.
WIDOW'S PLIGHT *Ruth Fenisong* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Elderly South Carolina lady, visiting son in N.Y., runs into big-time rough stuff.	Fine characterization and swift pace make this an unusual number.	Fast, effective.
BEAST IN VIEW *Margaret Millar* (Random: $3.50)	Poison-voice bulletins nag victims as Jekyll-Hydish So. Cal. gal devises heavy deviltry.	Normal investment counselor closest approach to police angle as three perish.	Dostoievsky would enjoy.
THE HIDDEN GRAVE *Peter Hardin* (Harper: $2.75)	Ohioan, drawn to home town by 20-year-old death, finds mixed reception, also women.	Heavily atmosphered yarn has nice pace, sharp characterization, hot weather.	Unusual and effective.
THE BROKEN DOLL *Jack Webb* (Rinehart: $2.75)	Father Shanley and Sgt. Golden, So. Cal. cop, team again to thwart kidnapers; three perish.	Three-sides-of-the-fence job carries bit too much story; action fast when allowed.	Good but longish.
THE JUDGE AND THE HANGMAN *Friedrich Dürrenmatt* (Harper: $2.50)	Pals get busy as Swiss cop fades out; old-timer plays cat-and-mouse with assorted villains.	Translated yarn (Thérèse Pol) has pleasant sense of foreignness; sincere and effective.	Urbane and crisp.
BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR *David C. Cooke, ed.* (Dutton: $2.95)	1955 offering has dozen fine yarns from seven US and Canadian mags.; short-shorts to 16M.	Authors include old hands (Queen, Cohen, Hunter) and brand-newcomers; talent average high.	Maintains standard.
MOONMILK AND MURDER *Aaron Marc Stein* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Scientists Tim Mulligan and Elsie Mae shift to speleology; explore French cave; find corpse, *naturellement.*	Local types numerous; comedy intrudes heavily; war memories linger in Vézère valley.	Extravaganza.
THE TOOTH AND THE NAIL *Bill S. Ballinger* (Harper: $2.95)	Touring magician's wife goes out Philadelphia window; widower finds he has one trick left.	2-in-1 job (*à la* "Bleak House"); court scenes alternate with narrative; trial spots effective.	Almost too ingenious.
HELL IS A CITY *William Ard* (Rinehart: $2.75)	Tim Dane, N.Y. eye, tangles with vice killing as election nears; brave editor helps.	Characters stockish, especially big politicos; heroin rears ugly head.	He's beaten this.
THE PINNED MAN *George Griswold* (Little, Brown: $3)	US and British intelligence ops. track key Red spies in Switzerland; get top man over some dead.	Exciting variations on hunter-hunted theme throughout; pace never flags.	Four-star thriller.
THE WOMAN IN THE CASE *Edgar Lustgarten* (Scribner: $3)	Four famous trials in which feminine psychology was basic factor examined by an ace British authority.	All cases are familiar to students, but are here handled from fresh, revealing point of view.	Tops, as expected.
GRIM GROW THE LILACS *Marion Randolph* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Suburban NY household aquiver when lord of manor reweds; here goes the bride. (Reissue.)	Nicely built, neatly written, but cast members are fantastic when not impossible.	As noted.
THE EVIL OF THE DAY *Thomas Sterling* (S&S: $2.50)	Busted Yank youth takes secretarial job in Venice, meets odd group, is in at death.	Over-colored cast saved by deft presentation; nice writing; little local color.	Smoothly handled.
UNITED IN CRIME *H. Montgomery Hyde* (Roy: $3.75)	British barrister-M.P. discusses many cases, largely recent, covering assorted felonies.	Yarns range from familiar to little known; legal problems stressed, explained.	Intelligent miscellany.
ROOM FOR MURDER *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Tenant of Conn. rooming house takes final plunge, dithering ancient land ladies; cops swarm.	Plot tricky, as expected; characters molded to program; boy-girl complications.	Formula job, with switcheroo.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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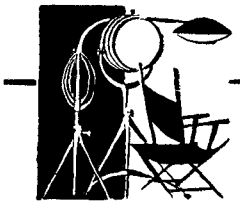

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Man's Second-Best Friend

IT'S A trifle hard to take **"The Shrike"** as seriously as perhaps one ought, for—after all—June Allyson is in it. She plays "the little, soft, downy bird with a long beak, on which she impales her victim." This kind of casting is almost tantamount to un-Americanism. By now we have seen Miss Allyson (or we could have, if we had cared to) in twenty-eight movies, and in hardly one has she varied from the stereotype of the all-American girl, wife, mother, pal, and man's second-best friend. Suddenly we are asked to conceive her as a neurotic man-destroyer. It's too much to ask of the audience. It's too much to ask of Miss Allyson.

As a matter of fact, it seems to have been decided by Universal that it *was* too much to ask, all around. The easiest thing to do in a case of this kind is to change the source material. "The Shrike," a respectable psychiatric melodrama in its stage form, owed a good deal of its force to the neat working-out of its main character's dilemma—either he stayed in the clutches of psychiatric institutionalism or accepted the trap represented by his soft, downy little wife. He chose the latter, which was made to appear the more horrible. A kind of Grand Guignol effect resulted; it gave us a nice chill.

The movie might have come out commendably indeed if it had kept to this pattern. But the boys (including José Ferrer, who directed the movie as well as the play) didn't have the nerve. The ending hasn't actually been changed, it has simply been compromised. Jim Downs still goes home with his wife, and even looks pretty depressed about it. But he takes June's hand, and she takes his, and now both of them *realize*; they realize they've both got to do something about the situation, and they're both going to try awfully hard again. It can be argued that an ending of this kind isn't incredible or unlikely; it even makes for a sort of moral. But it does water down the effect, and it robs the movie of the fine edge it might otherwise have had.

It might even have been a kind of *tour de force* to show June Allyson as a real, honest-to-goodness shrike. But because they were going to walk home hand-in-hand at the end June had to be given a few saving graces. We could then discover that she wasn't so bad all along, that she was only neurotic and didn't know it, and now that she knows it she's going to *do* something about it. She, in other words, is given the classic excuse of the twentieth century. Whenever she appears the lines grow fuzzy as a result.

The truth of the matter is that she doesn't come out as a shrike at *all*; she's just unhappy and mixed up, and all she needs is a couple of years on the couch. Then she'll be fine.

This objection aside, the movie manages to build up considerable force. Ferrer, in the hospital scenes, is particularly good, and since many of the original cast are still on hand, these are done starkly and crisply, helped by some excellent photography. There is also an attempt to widen out the background of the play by showing in backflashes the key incidents that led Jim Downs to his suicide attempt. Not all of these came off, due, I guess, to some lackluster screenwriting by Ketti Frings. If one is going to show more of the marriage, then the obligation becomes one of showing a good deal more and making what is shown illuminating. Shorthand doesn't work. This defect, plus June, is too much for the production to weather.

* * *

"The House of Bamboo" is a Twentieth Century-Fox curiosity made in Japan and utilizing some striking backgrounds available to anyone with a movie camera and a slew of color film. The routine cops-and-robbers story it tells might have been made to appear a little more slick, and perhaps even interesting, if the backgrounds had been worked into the story as, for example, the Venice backgrounds are in "Summertime." The trouble here is that they are seen through only the camera's eye. The camera can only take pictures; it can't comment. The people who use it are supposed to do the commenting. This elementary fact seems to have escaped everyone concerned with this movie. Shirley Yamaguchi is seen as a Japanese girl who gets mixed up with some Americans, most of them bad. Robert Stack is an Army sergeant with a mission; he has to break up a gang of ex-Army Americans headed by Robert Ryan. Eventually he does. As for Robert Ryan, he gets his in a weird amusement-park setting atop one of Tokyo's tallest buildings. For some reason, while trying to escape, he keeps climbing upward until there is nowhere left to go. You'd have thought our movie villains would have learned by now. No point at all in climbing onto that last ledge. They'll shoot you down every time.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FROM HEAD TO FOOT

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, has assembled fifteen titles each of which contains a physiological term (although in some instances the author did not so intend it). She asks you to match the titles with their authors. Ten correct answers deserve a hand, eleven a foothold, and twelve or better should get you a place at the head of the class. Answers on page 26.

1.	"The View from Pompey's Head"	( ) Joseph Conrad
2.	"Face Value"	( ) Billie Burke
3.	"Under Western Eyes"	( ) Hamilton Basso
4.	"The Damask Cheek"	( ) Graham Greene
5.	"With a Feather on My Nose"	( ) Thomas Hardy
6.	"The Skin of Our Teeth"	( ) W. F. Harvey
7.	"Mary's Neck"	( ) Ernest Hemingway
8.	"A Farewell to Arms"	( ) Jack London
9.	"The Hand of Ethelberta"	( ) Robert Standish
10.	"The Beast with Five Fingers"	( ) Booth Tarkington
11.	"The Heart of the Matter"	( ) Jean Webster
12.	"Adam's Rib"	( ) Thornton Wilder
13.	"Daddy-Long-Legs"	( ) Hartzell Spence
14.	"The Iron Heel"	( ) Mary Day Winn
15.	"One Foot in Heaven"	( ) John van Druten and Lloyd Morris

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TV AND RADIO

The Thirty-Nine-Week Lease

I SAVED a 1953 summer copy of *TV Guide* with a forecast of what that season held in store for the television viewers.

Quote:

"In show-business annals the year 1953 will probably go down as the year when comedians found that telling jokes on TV was no longer a laughing matter. . . . From the looks of things you can stand by to see more and more comics abandoning their gag files in favor of a snug family-situation comedy. Therein lies TV longevity."

Unquote.

Well here it is 1955 and longevity seems to have come and gone for quite a few of the snug little families who only two short years ago moved into their snug little television apartments complete with twenty-one-inch wall-to-wall carpeting only to discover a clause in the lease which gave the landlords the right to evict them at the end of any thirty-nine weeks.

Among the snug little families who hopefully set up housekeeping back in 1953 dispossess notices have already been, or are about to be, served on Joan Davis and her husband the judge, "My Friend Irma" and her boy friend Al, Ezio Pinza and his raft of kids, Dennis Day and his mother, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman, Ray Milland, "Millie," "Dear Phoebe," "My Little Margie," "Ethel and Albert," "Mr. Peepers," and others.

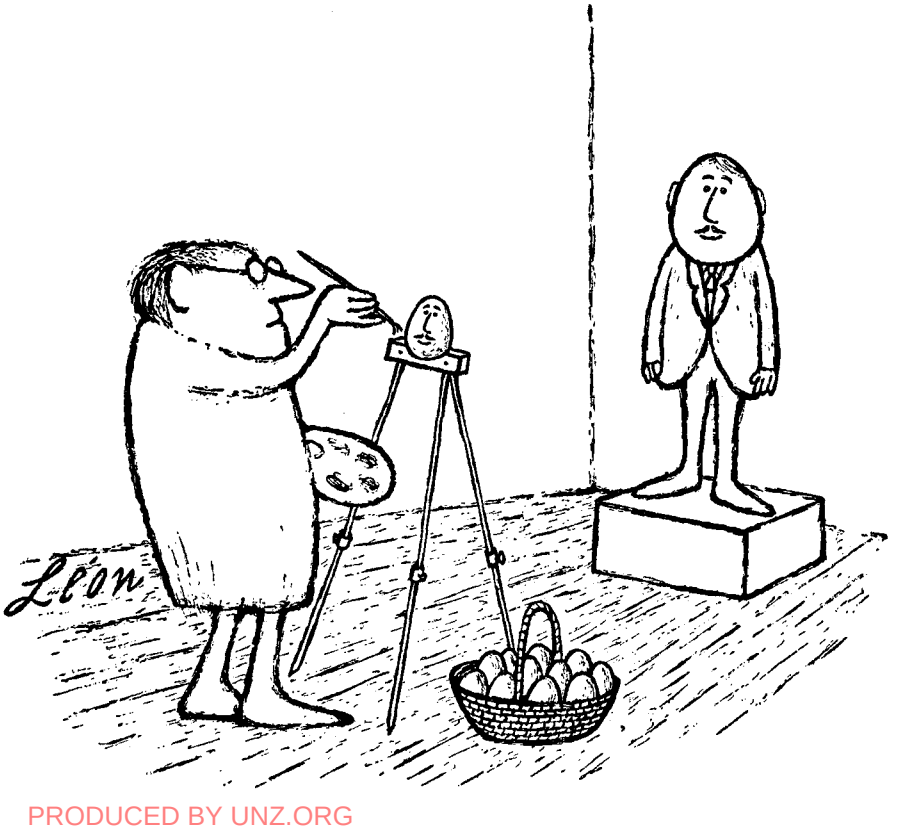
Abruptly, and often seemingly without reasonable explanation, whole families have been wiped out as if by some horrific pestilence, leaving the viewer in shock at the sudden loss of friends he has clasped to his bosom; friends whose little misunderstandings he could chuckle over because he knew full well that the wife was honestly trying to help her husband put over a deal by dressing in rags to pretend that she was destitute when all the time, and unbeknownst to her, the husband had told the client that he really didn't care if he made the sale or not because he was rolling in wealth—or that the lipstick she found on his shirt collar was not really lipstick at all but red paint of the new color he was, unbeknownst to her, painting the car with which he hoped to surprise her—or when a sexy girl friend from out of the husband's past showed up to make the wife jealous she decided to go out and hire an actor to play a glamorous boy friend from out of her past and when the boy friend showed up at the house he turned out to be the husband of the sexy girl friend who really turned out to be an actress the husband had, unbeknownst to the wife, hired to make the wife jealous in the first place—all these homey little self-identifying problems which had so delightfully plagued the snug little families every week for twenty-five minutes and two commercials only to come out so right and warm at the finish had been suddenly snatched away.

BUT the For Rent sign will not be out for long on these snug little apartments so tragically vacated. Already new tenants have made application for residence. "Those Whiting Girls" subleased for the summer from Dezi and Lucy, and if they manage to live up to the first impression they will find permanent residence somewhere in the neighborhood. "Ethel and Albert" have also found a summer lease after being impulsively vacated and the neighbors hope they will find an apartment somewhere. Phil Silvers has his eye on a place, come September, and with a script by Nat Hiken is practically assured of a ninety-nine-year lease. (TV translation—three or four thirty-nine-week periods).

And there are others. All move in with great hopes, but it's a high-rent district and restricted to the whim of the landlords who are quick to demand occupancy of any apartment. Take the case of "Mr. Peepers," a most congenial neighbor. I can understand that he might have been forced to move because he lived across the street from Jack Benny, to whose house more people might have flocked. "Mr. Peepers" was getting along fine until one day he got married. I would hate to think that the wispy little schoolteacher was evicted for the reason that instead of being a spectator of the sport of the birds and bees he became an active participant.

One situation comedy lost its lease because of a backstage situation tragedy. That one is "My Favorite Husband," with Joan Caufield and Barry Nelson. It seems that Miss Caulfield's favorite husband suddenly found the whole thing too abhorrent to his finer sensitivities and Miss Caulfield found his attitude too difficult to combat. So one of the best-written, most neatly directed, and finely appointed situation comedies will be no more. Miss Caulfield can obviously not show up next season with a continuation of the show under the title of "My Second-Best Favorite Husband." This is the first apartment on record out of which the tenants were forced to move because it went uncooperative.

—GOODMAN ACE.



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The Concentrations of Isaac Newton

Continued from page 7

ties quite unlike anything on earth. To suppose otherwise was unthinkable until Newton came along. It may have been, as Voltaire later declared, that the sight of a falling apple caused Newton to ask himself if the force that drew it to the earth might not also be the force that kept the moon circling in her orbit. This seemed to Newton much more likely than the accepted theory of Descartes that the moon and planets were carried around their orbits by "vortexes" in an unseen, unfelt, and unprovable substance called "ether." He went to work on the problem, and although his results were not published until twenty years later, he worked out both the laws of motion and of universal gravitation while at Woolsthorpe, before he was twenty-four years old. He also invented a new mathematical system to prove his theories. This is known today as calculus. During this productive eighteen-month period Newton plunged into an amazing variety of other studies. He worked out the orbit of a comet, discovered the laws of the tides, delved into the character of light.

BY a series of brilliant experiments, conducted with prisms bought for a few pennies at a country fair, he proved that white light is composed of all the colors in the spectrum, and that each color bends in its own characteristic degree when passed through a prism. He ground lenses and mirrors, and made a new kind of telescope. He did all the mechanical work himself, and concerning this he had a complaint still heard in our own day: "Had I waited for the workmen, I'd have got nothing done."

In his old age, when praised for his great contributions to man's understanding of the Universe, Newton remarked: "I had no special sagacity, only the power of patient thought." He made his discoveries, he said, "by always thinking unto them. I keep the subject constantly before me and wait until the first dawnings open little by little into the full light."

Newton said nothing about any of his Woolsthorpe discoveries at the time, and this reticence was to involve him in angry controversies later on. Early in 1667 he returned to Cambridge and was elected a member of the faculty. Two years later he was made Professor of Mathematics, a position he was to hold for thirty years.

Not long afterward The Royal Society of London for the Promotion of Natural Knowledge saw Newton's new reflecting telescope, and immediately elected him a member. In 1703 he became president of this august assembly, a position he held until his death in 1727.

Newton expressed surprise at the enthusiasm the Royal Society showed for his telescope, which is still today its most prized possession, and offered to send in an account of the discovery in optics which led to its invention. The paper touched off a storm—not because the experiments were not accurate and the conclusions drawn from them indisputable, but because his findings did not square with certain theories then held. So many voices were raised in complaint that Newton finally exclaimed in disgust, "I see a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or become a slave to defend it." From that time forward he was more reluctant than ever to make his discoveries known.

Although Newton had invented calculus, or "fluxions" as he called it, while an undergraduate, he had not described his method to anyone but Barrow. Some years later the great German mathematician Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibniz, working independently, came up with much the same system. He gave it the name it bears today, the Calculus. It is an invaluable tool of modern engineering and physics.

There was great national as well as personal rivalry between scientists of the seventeenth century, and although Leibniz at first conceded that he and Newton were working on a similar system simultaneously when the issue was drawn his supporters said Newton had borrowed from Leibniz. To prove the point Jean Bernoulli, a famous Swiss mathematician, published two problems, challenging anyone to solve them within a year. Leibniz solved one, and was at work on the other as the year drew to a close.

When Newton heard of the problems he promptly solved both in less than twenty-four hours, and sent the answers to the Royal Society. When the Society published them, without disclosing the author, Bernoulli read through them and said, with a rueful shake of his head, "The lion is known by his claw." The test proved beyond doubt that Newton had indeed invented calculus. He could not have solved the problems otherwise.

PUBLICATION of the "Principia," the greatest of all Newton's work, was largely fortuitous. Edmund Halley, brilliant young Astronomer Royal, was baffled in his attempt to compute the orbit of the comet which now bears his name. He knew of Newton's genius in mathematics, went to him for help, and learned to his astonishment that Newton had already computed the orbit. But search of Newton's cluttered desk did not at once disclose the calculations. Newton quickly did them again.

Halley, meanwhile, had realized the great value of the unpublished research so carelessly stuffed into the pigeon-holes of the great mathematician's desk and offered to publish the work at his own expense. Newton agreed, and the "Principia," which was to be hailed as the greatest scientific book ever printed, came into being. Not until our own day when Albert Einstein came forward with his Theory of Relativity was a single scientific treatise to have an equal

Midsummer Thames

By Paul Roche

SMALL shifting knives of hundred-broken sun
Dispersed in liquid sheaves, quickly shuffled, swaying,
Weaving lateral shelves, elastically playing—
Scaly-moving river:
Thames, the amber lizard,
Slips with diamond eyes his passage through the fields;
White clouds curling round the copper sun.
All day the same, in buttercups he lies
Listening to the trees and turtledoves.

At noon he lolls along with looestrife-purple tongue
By banks where horseflies hum. And mirrors all the golden
Iris for his mane, till slowly summer night
Unfolds her veil of mist, then breathes wild mint
Along his way by moon.

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impact on the development of human thought.

The "Principia" was written in about eighteen months of the most concentrated work and thought. In it Newton refined and clarified all that he had discovered about the motions of the planets and their satellites, and dealt decisively with a great variety of new subjects. During his study of these problems he would often sit motionless for hours, then dash to his desk and write for hours more, without bothering to pull up a chair. His secretary reported that he seldom went to bed before two o'clock, sometimes not until five or six. He even forgot to eat. The book was published in the summer of 1687, under the auspices of The Royal Society. Newton gave it a sort of sub-title: "The Frame of the System of the World." Even mathematicians found the book difficult to read, not only because the problems dealt with are difficult, but because Newton purposely made it tough so that he wouldn't be bothered by "little smatterers in mathematics." It is in Latin, the universal language of science at that time, and consists to a large extent of mathematical formulae and equations. For two centuries it was the major guide to the world's scientific thought.

The book begins with an explanation of Newton's laws of motion. All previous thinkers had held that some continuous force was required to keep the planets moving in their orbits. Newton said that a body in motion would continue to travel in a straight line forever unless some force was applied to stop it. The planets move in circular paths because the gravitational force of the sun exactly equals the centrifugal force of their motion through space. Since there is no friction in empty space, no additional power is needed to keep them circling at constant speed through countless eons of time.

Newton's second law of motion shows how force is measured by the rate of change of motion. The third—that action and reaction are equal and opposite—is the principle of jet propulsion. The book states the law of gravity which every schoolboy still learns today—that every particle in the universe has a gravitational attraction for every other particle in proportion to the product of the masses of the particles, and in inverse proportion to the square of their distances. He showed how to determine the mass of the sun and the planets. He established rules for calculating the orbits of comets. He proved that the gravitational force of the moon and the sun causes tides in the oceans of the earth; that spring tides occur when moon and sun are pulling together, neap tides when the forces are opposed. "Such a wonderful uniformity in the planetary system," Newton said, "must be allowed the effect of choice" by a Supreme Creator.

The "Principia" was a pioneering work of such astonishing power that it was not long in winning the admiration of scholars everywhere. But the greatest of all Newton's triumphs came more than a century after his death. His Law of Gravitation was considered so thoroughly proven that when astronomers found that the planet Uranus was slightly out of its predicted position they did not suspect a flaw in the theory. Instead they concluded that Uranus must be affected by the gravitational pull of a planet still undiscovered.

Leverrier in France and Adams in England independently computed by Newtonian law the mass and position of this undiscovered planet. Leverrier sent his calculations to the astronomer Galle in Germany. Galle received them on September 23, 1846. He pointed his telescope along the line indicated, and that very night, in the exact spot indicated, he discovered the new planet, which was given the name of Neptune.

NEWTON never married, and if there was any romance whatever in his life no trace of it has appeared. The hostess of his comfortable house in London was his niece, Miss Catherine Barton, a beautiful and vivacious young woman whose wit and good looks were toasted by Alexander Pope, Dean Swift, and other noted writers. Through her Newton met many of the famous people of the day.

In appearance Newton was of average height, with handsome, rather sharp features, and a clear ruddy complexion. He was moderate in all his habits. Once when asked why he did not smoke he replied, "Because I do not want to acquire any new necessities." He had a talent for making money, and played the stock market so successfully that, despite some reverses late in life, he left an estate of around £32,000, a large sum in those days.

Newton was elected president of the Royal Society in 1703, and two years later, in a special ceremony at Cambridge, he was knighted by Queen Anne, the first scientist ever to be so honored. Between these two events he brought out his famous book on optics, which was largely a development of his early discoveries about the characteristics of light.

In his eighty-fifth year Newton was a venerable figure, renowned wherever learning was held in honor. His last illness was brief, and was brought on by complications caused by a kidney stone. He died in peace, and in the knowledge that the fathomless wonders of the Universe he had so brilliantly explored had been given their shape and their motion by the sure hand of God. Mourned by England and the world, Newton went to his last rest in Westminster Abbey where he lies today, one of the greatest names among that company of the great.

Of his life's work he had written:

> I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in finding now and then a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 5, 1, 11, 9, 10, 8, 14, 2, 7, 13, 6, 15, 12, 4.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 630

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 630 will be found in the next issue.

TN WTBW OCPDTCNA

TBWDTNWT, OCPDTCNA

DBWDTNWT.

S. DBOFNX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 629

Time goes, you say? Ah no!—
Alas, time stays, we go.
—Dobson.

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Fiction

Continued from page 9

colored, if not by cynicism, by a distinct shadow of practical irony. His powers of exaggeration were, of course, romantic, and as if to check them one feels that even in "Earth" he held too straightly to an outline, a plotted chart of an original intention to write the novel. His art was not an art that concealed its discipline.

The rigors of the kind of discipline Zola exerted in his writings do not by any means vitiate the powers of "Earth." Anyone who has read Giono's novels or has seen such films as "The Baker's Wife" and "The Well-Digger's Daughter" will recognize in "Earth" the sources of inspiration that produced them; even the poaching scenes in Gide's "The Immoralist" seem to reflect, through the medium of Gide's art, the scenes in which Old Fouan trails his poaching scoundrel of a son, the drunken Jesus-Christ.

If "Earth" has none of the elements that are required for the tragic moral of man's fate on earth, it contains appropriate seriousness, even in its scenes of coarse-grained comedy and irony, to place it high among the most enduring nineteenth-century novels.

Zola is not of course the novelist for everyone; it could be said that he wrote his books as though he held a hammer in his hand; his indictment of human greed and brutality in "Earth" allows no finer shades of human motives to come to light. Yet his very lack of urbanity, his refusal to dissipate his strength by giving attention to less than elemental themes and actions are among the reasons why a new publication of "Earth" in an acceptable translation comes as a relief to the reader of contemporary fiction. Zola's example is as much alive today as when the younger Henry James found certain rewards in recognizing it, and Theodore Dreiser saw in "Nana" a precedent for his creation of "Sister Carrie."

Notes

DREAM WORLD ON 23RD ST.: In a captivating fantasy called **"In a Farther Country"** (Random House, $3), William Goyen continues to fabricate the fragile world of super-reality which characterized "The House of Breath," his earlier novel, and a later volume of stories, "Ghost and Flesh."

In a furnished room called "Spain" hidden away in a grimy building on New York's traffic-thundering West 23rd Street lives an elemental Spanish-American woman with her ancient pet bird, a Southwestern roadrunner bereft of any more roads to run. To the room, or to the quaint and various mind of its occupant, come a series of visitors. In enchanted communion with the others each tells a story about himself, a tale of sorrow or longing, of sundered love or the divided self, and in the telling of it each discovers some ultimate portion of his heart's own vital truth, and finds himself purged of conflict.

William Goyen—"strangely gifted writer."

There are simplicity and gentleness and trust and love in the book. Its people are "children of God."

Events in the story grow not out of rationally plausible circumstance, but occur simply because the author, exercising the fiat of a fairy tale, waves his wand and bids them happen. All seem on the verge of vanishing momentarily if removed from the sustaining medium of Mr. Goyen's evocative prose style. That they do not vanish until the end, when the dream is broken, attests to the efficacy of that style and to the talent of a strangely gifted writer. —JEROME STONE.

JEWS IN THE HOLOCAUST: The title of Joseph Viertel's first novel is drawn from two lines in T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral." The lines are: "The last temptation is the greatest treason, to do the right deed for the wrong reason." In Mr. Viertel's **"The Last Temptation"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), Deborah, the daughter of a wealthy and happy Viennese Jewish family, flees when her native city is overwhelmed by the Nazis, finally taking refuge in Israel. With her goes Victor Mamaronek, a Czech engineer whom she marries, and some agonizing months begin for the couple. In Palestine they find old friends and relatives, Victor gets a job with the telephone company and Deborah works in a hospital. But this was a fearful and dangerous moment for Israel. The Arabian armies attack, Jerusalem is taken, and the nights are filled with gunfire and the blasts of bombs. When the British pack up and leave for Tel Aviv, Victor, who has accepted gifts from his English superiors, is regarded with suspicion by the newly-formed Government of Israel. He is accused by the Israelite commanding general of treason against the State, and, finally, he is executed as a traitor and buried, according to an ancient custom, in a trench outside the city. Almost the last half of the novel is concerned with Deborah as an outcast among her people. She is dismissed from the hospital and abandoned by her friends. But she devotes herself to a seemingly hopeless task: the job of proving that he had never been a traitor.

Considering the scope of "The Last Temptation," it may appear to the reader that the story of Deborah's attempt to clear Victor's name is excessively detailed. The entire proceedings of the court and the legislature fill several scores of pages. It becomes a different kind of novel, and somewhere in these confusing pages the theme of "right deed for wrong reason" seems to be lost from sight, for Victor was no traitor and Deborah was *not* wrong in her heroic efforts to restore him to Israel as a hero. Yet, since its story is one of Israel in storm and terror, the novel does have poignancy. —H. S.

LOVE IN OLD PERSIA: A Carmelite friar, a Circassian princess, and a lecherous Shah with designs on her make up the somewhat Proustian triangle in Elgin Groseclose's novel of seventeenth-century Persia, **"The Carmelite"** (Macmillan, $3.75). The friar, sent to Isfahan as a simple missionary, ran afoul of the Shah, who had expected hierarchical envoys for his projected anti-Turkish alliance. The missionary's cause worsened when the princess—the potentate's niece, by the way—became a convert. The Carmelite saved her from her uncle by marrying her off to an English diplomat. It was only long afterward, in widowhood, that she revealed her love for the friar.

Based on authentic historical characters, the new Groseclose novel is more than a vivid recreation of a semi-barbaric Persian court. For all the stirringly detailed battle scenes, political intrigues, caravan pageantry, Muscovite jailings, and religious persecutions, "The Carmelite" comes off as drama of sublimated love. Few novels today tread so delicately the higher levels of emotional conflict.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

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Books for Young People

THE Division of Libraries for Children and Young People and the American Association of School Librarians, divisions of the American Library Association, have been concerned for many years with the quality and use of children's books. At their annual meetings in Philadelphia a fortnight ago new programs were planned for reaching more children with book services. Out of their continuing interests come higher standards of library service to the youth of our country through public libraries and schools.

—"Buddy and the Old Pro."

Reviewers for this issue: Mary Peacock Douglas, Supervisor School Libraries, Raleigh, N.C.; Helen Fuller, Supervisor, Work with Boys and Girls, Long Beach, Calif., Public Library; Rosemary Livsey, Director, Work with Children, Los Angeles, Calif., Public Library; Helen Adams Masten, Librarian, Central Children's Room, The New York Public Library; Mildred Phipps, Supervisor, Work with Children, Pasadena, Calif., Public Library; Lucile Raley, Consultant, Library Services, Waco, Texas, Public Schools; Norma Rathbun, Chief, Work with Children, Milwaukee, Wis., Public Library; Ruth Hill Viguers, Lecturer, School of Library Science, Simmons College, Boston.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

A LITTLE OVEN. *Story and pictures by Eleanor Estes. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.25. This is about two little girls and the funny, happy times they have together, but it is especially about Genevieve's longing for something that Helena takes for granted. It is a gentle little story with childlike pictures in lovely colors and it shows that Mrs. Estes understands the very youngest children as well as she does the school-aged Moffats and Pyes.

Helena's mother knew that "a little loving and a little hugging" were the best cure for tiredness and overexcitement. Genevieve watched with large brown eyes and went home to ask her mother for "a little 'oven'." But try as she would Genevieve's mother could not satisfy her little girl's wish until one day she saw Helena's mother giving Helena "a little 'ovin' and a little 'uggin'."

Typical of our time and amusingly in contrast to an earlier generation, the person who would look for a moral in this story would find it pointed at the parents rather than the children.

—RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

JOHN RATTLING-GOURD OF BIG COVE. *By Corydon Bell. Illustrated by the author. Macmillan.* $2.50. Among the Cherokee Indians there are three kinds of stories—the legends, the myths, and the wonder tales. In the old days there was one teller for each kind of story, for there was much to remember. Now much has been forgotten, but Corydon Bell has listened well and has set down and illustrated twenty-four stories which John Rattling-Gourd tells to contemporary Cherokee children of the Qualla village in the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. Many of the legends have their counterparts in other folklore. The leading characters are largely animals and birds and may even be plants. Especially beautiful is the legend of the Indian Pipes. This reviewer is indeed grateful to Mr. Bell, who lives in western North Carolina, for making these stories of his Indian neighbors available with such sensitive understanding.

—MARY PEACOCK DOUGLAS.

THE DUCHESS BAKES A CAKE. *By Virginia Kahl. Scribner.* $2. A nonsense tale in rhyme that will delight primary-age children. To end her boredom the Duchess decided to make "a lovely light luscious delectable cake." When it began to rise it kept going higher and higher. The Duchess even sat upon it but that did no good. The ending will be highly satisfactory to children. Gay pictures by the author-illustrator add further charm to the story.

—HELEN FULLER.

THE SWORD AND THE SPIRIT: A Life of John Brown. *By Delight Ansley. Illustrated by Robert Hallock. Crowell.* $3. Young people reading this excellent biography of John Brown will gain a new understanding of the turbulent days preceding the Civil War and the part played by this controversial figure. From his youth John Brown hated slavery and his dream of freeing the slaves was the moving force of his life. Courageous, highly religious, impractical, and sometimes fanatical, he moved from Ohio to New England to Kansas, always working for the cause. Then came the final unsuccessful attack on Harper's Ferry, an event which stirred the whole nation. He was aided by the intellectual abolitionists of New England, and joined by a band of young idealists. Every move in his lifelong war against slavery ended in failure. In death he won his only victory.

It is a tragic story, skilfully woven against the background of events leading to the Civil War. Extensive research and careful weighing of evidence together with a fine literary style mark this outstanding book for junior and senior high-school boys and girls.

—MILDRED R. PHIPPS.

THE SECRET RIVER. *By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Scribner.* $2.50. "The Secret River" is the only complete work found among the papers of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings after her death. The author's correspondence with her editor, Maxwell Perkins, shows that she had some idea of allowing this brief story to grow into a longer book. Had this happened this little masterpiece of the imagination of childhood might never have reached children, to whom it rightly belongs.

The beauty of the cypress trees, knee deep in water; the hungry, stoical people of the Florida forests; the child Calpurnia, who learns that "the secret river is in your mind. You can go there any time you want to," and her humorous little dog, Buggy-horse —all these are so real and appealing one regrets that this is the only book the author wrote for children.

Leonard Weisgard has done some of

—*From "The Secret River."*

". . . a special kind of enchantment."

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his most sensitive work in drawings that have a feeling for character and place and are quite perfect for the text.

A special kind of enchantment is inherent in this little book, which should have a strong appeal for anyone who has imagination or understanding of the magical things that happen to a child.

—Helen Adams Masten.

SWITCH ON THE NIGHT. *By Ray Bradbury. Illustrated by Madeleine Gekiere. Pantheon.* $2.50. To turn off the light and, with the same switch, to turn on the night with its own special sights and sounds, is a novel idea that many parents will enjoy sharing with little children in this unique picture book. As in "Who Gave Us . . . ," Madeleine Gekiere has used varied color combinations to achieve an effective background for the line drawings, modern in concept. —H. F.

BEST FRIENDS. *By Mary Bard. Illustrated by Jill Elgin. Lippincott.* $2.50. The arrival of occupants for the long vacant Pink House across the orchard was particularly wonderful to eleven-year-old Suzie because it brought her what she had always longed for: a best friend. In addition Co Co, who was half French, had different and engaging manners and she was constantly surprised over things in America that Suzie took for granted. While this is not a book which the reader will long remember, it is full of the things girls between nine and twelve love, and the story moves quickly and easily enough to hold even the slow reader. The amusing line drawings are quite in the mood of the story.

—R. H. V.

DEER RIVER RAFT. *By E. H. Lansing. Illustrated by Marc Simont. Crowell.* $2.50. Ten-year-old boys, captive in the drabness of city streets and apartment houses, will find the adventures of Fred Summers and Hank exciting and wish that they, too, could build a raft and match their strength against the river rapids. When hijacking heifers involves their trusted friend old Joe Patches, Fred and Hank play their part in apprehending the real thieves. This may be mild fare after a steady diet of TV cattle rustling, but exciting nonetheless. Mrs. Lansing adds reality to the adventure through her skill in making real awkward growing individuals of her boys. Her special skill in depicting the odd and salty characters Joe, Mrs. Patches, and their clutter of children reminds us of her unforgettable Kentucky mountain stories, "Short for a Mule" and "Jubilant for Sure."

—Rosemary Livsey.

—*From "Best Friends."*

". . . full of things girls love."

BUDDY AND THE OLD PRO. *By John R. Tunis. Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum. Morrow.* $2.50. John R. Tunis, veteran athlete and writer of sports stories, adds to his list this story of a baseball game played by juveniles. It is as exciting as a game played by a big league team and will be read with interest by boys of eight and older.

How Buddy Reitmayer, captain, and his teammates of the Benjamin Franklin Tigers in their last game of the season learn about a questionable brand of baseball from the Francis Fisher team, coached by the old pro McBride, formerly of the Chicago Cubs, brings the story to a high point of dramatic action. The author weaves into the plot virtues of hard work and fair play to combat such tactics as bean balls, temper tantrums, hard talk, and high spikes.

Full-page black-and-white illustrations are carefully detailed and blended effectively with the content of the story. —Lucile W. Raley.

SLIM GREEN. *By Louise Dyer Harris and Norman Dyer Harris. Illustrated by Robert Candy. Little, Brown.* $2. Slim Green is a harmless green garden snake, "fourteen inches of tail with a head on it." The story of his life in a beautiful green meadow, where many other animals and different kinds of snakes live, is an exciting one.

Boys and girls in the upper elementary grades will enjoy and attain a new perspective of nature by their reading about Slim's days spent in trying to live in peace. His struggles to escape such enemies as Rowdy, the farmer's dog, Marsh Hawk, and Mother Skunk reach the level of high adventure.

The authors, one experienced in the art of storytelling, the other an expert in the field of science, have skilfully interwoven realism and fantasy in this clever little book. They have given Slim Green a vivid personality.

Robert Candy's illustrations in snake-green and earth-brown emphasize nature's cool touch.—L. W. R.

SUSAN CORNISH. *By Rebecca Caudill. Drawings by E. Harper Johnson. Viking Press.* $2.75. Susan, who at eighteen has a deep belief in education and the rights of all human beings, teaches in a rural Southern community where the people have become discouraged and apathetic in their struggle to make a living from the exhausted soil. Undaunted by her lack of teacher training, and the knowledge that she has been hired by the landowner because of her youth and ignorance, she organizes children and adults to work together to improve the school and gives them renewed courage and desire. In the colorful words of one of her pupils, "She sort of propped up the sky and helped us see out and over."

Thoughtful young adults will be challenged by Susan's courageous battle for freedom of speech and nonsegregation, while others will find the romance satisfying. A timely, artistically written book which reflects the author's faith in young people.

—Norma Rathbun.

GREEN DOOR TO THE SEA. *By Erick Berry. Illustrated by the author. Viking Press.* $2.75. Sixteen-year-old Letty, who is recovering from polio, goes with her family to Jamaica. Gradually she throws off her discouragement and fear, as she gives up her nurse to a patient who needs one more, ventures out to swim, and discovers the art of underwater painting, which brings her praise and health.

An amusing and understanding family, a lively resort community, the colorful background of Jamaica, the intriguing art of underwater painting, and Letty's courage make this a readable and more than satisfactory book for teen-age girls. —N. R.

HOW THE ANIMALS EAT. *By Millicent Selsam. Illustrated by Helen Ludwig. William R. Scott.* $2.50. This is an excellent book to answer the innumerable questions about animals and their food that children ask. It tells how animals that live in the water, on the land, and in the air are equipped to get food from their environment, and ends with an explanation of the interdependence of animal on animal and of the ultimate dependence of all life on plants. Descriptive illustrations supplement the text for younger children. —F. L. S.

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Personal History

Continued from page 14

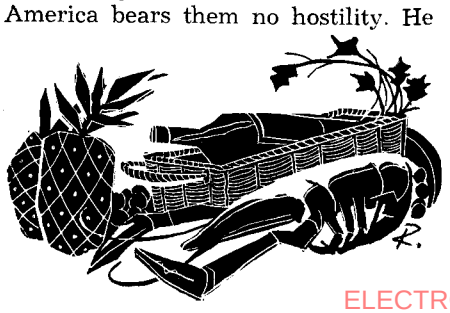
excessive drinking. He saw three psychiatrists (the first was not a psychoanalyst) over a period of seven years. He concludes at one point, "I'll never know whether it did any good." At another he writes, "And out of all I learned I was able to utilize nothing that would help me live."

But he did learn, he says, an appreciation of the appalling extent to which our whole lives are influenced by the people with whom we lived during a few years of early childhood." He reports to the Creator, "We never escape our parents—this turns out to be one of the conditions on which You offer us life." Many adults believe they exercise their own opinions but they are really the product of their parents' hopes, fears, prejudices, and ambitions, he points out. To remain in violent rebellion against one's parents is to remain enslaved; severance from their attitudes must come for a man to be a person in his own right, he maintains.

But at least after analysis Mr. Ellison was able to embrace religion, so it can be assumed the analysis freed him of enough fear for that step as he returned to something he had believed in as a child. He also married again, far more successfully; the analysis had some effect on his ability to select a more compatible woman.

Recognizing the danger of violence in himself (beaten as a boy by his father, in turn he slugged others during his life) the author begs America to do something to stop the violence in the world so another war will not destroy us all. Man goes to war, Mr. Ellison says, not because he is coerced but because "he is doing what he wants to do." Active in psychological warfare in the OWI during World War II, Mr. Ellison asks now for "an unprecedented program of world persuasion." He urges that there be set up a four-year university as large as West Point where students could learn "the art of international persuasion," learn how "to direct a great campaign to change the mind of man."

The whole venture, he claims, turns on making the Russians aware that America bears them no hostility. He suggests, for instance, that commandos fly inside Russia, leaving placards which proclaim, "This token from America is a message of friendship, not a bomb. The dictator lies"; that robot radio stations dropped outside Russian towns blast facts through the air proving that Russian leaders distort the truth.



This might help. But to return to a profound statement made by Mr. Ellison that "the war is not against man but in him," one wonders if a lessening of the inner violence of man is not the greater part of the answer to what will bring peace. Mr. Ellison in his book has shown us that his inner violence decreased to a large degree as he came to know himself better through psychoanalysis and religion.

Souped-Up Pater

BOUNCING BIDDLE: Anthony J. Drexel Biddle—says his daughter Cordelia in **"My Philadelphia Father"** (Doubleday, $4)—went through life under a full head of steam. He did, indeed. Inheriting a million when it was big money, he set about enjoying the world in his own peculiar way. First he surrounded himself with championship prizefighters, himself knocking the blocks off most of them. At the same time he started a Bible Class movement that spread around the world. He also aspired to sing, and in Atlantic City once appeared in "Pagliacci" instead of a renowned tenor. Asked why he had permitted the substitution the tenor replied, "He said that if I opened my mouth to sing a note he'd throw me over the rail into the ocean. I'm convinced he would." Later the would-be singer gave a solo recital in Philadelphia. One dowager relative summed it up in one word—"excruciating." The souped-up Mr. Biddle had a devoted wife and three adoring children, one of whom (his namesake) grew up to be our ambassador to Poland before the war. The elder Biddle set the ferocious pattern of Marine Corps bayonet training in World War I, and between wars became sold on judo. He established a training course in it for the FBI, then was ready to train the Marines again in 1942. Many experts think this training in judo was the factor that enabled us to more than hold our own in early wartime jungle fighting. Altogether A. J. Drexel Biddle was an American eccentric to match any the British are so proud of. With the skilled help of Kyle Crichton his daughter treats him with an understanding that never interferes with the humor involved. There may not be a million laughs here, but there are at least a thousand.

—Allen Churchill.

Weekend Fun

Continued from page 15

on **"The Complete Book of Striped Bass Fishing"** (A. S. Barnes, $4). But the really extraordinary phenomenon is a book by S. Kip Farrington, Jr. on **"Fishing the Pacific Offshore and On"** (Coward-McCann, $10). The first ominous note appears in the foreword where Mr. Farrington thanks someone from the Dictaphone Corporation, for the result of this modern instrument of science has left its scars throughout the text. As one reads one has the impression that Mr. Farrington is shouting at the machine, possibly in a high wind, and reeling in a large fish at the same time. The subject centers mainly around big-game fish; how to catch them, how much to tip the boat crew, how to fly to Peru, whether or not to dress after dinner in Chile. The subjects come and go with startling shifts usually somewhere in the middle of a paragraph.

This handsome book has many beautiful photographs of deep-sea fishing which are in themselves well worth looking at, but even here the editing suddenly breaks down. A photograph, for instance, shows an attractive lady crouched over a hand scale weighing what appears to be a handkerchief full of something. The caption clears up the confusion by saying "Francesca La Monte, world's leading lady fishing authority, weighs the ovaries of a swordfish caught off Iquique." Yet with all these idiosyncrasies I feel certain this book will be a success and every deep-sea fisherman will be happy with his copy.

The books on spinning are practical guides on equipment and methods of fishing. Eugene Burns's **"Fresh and Salt Water Spinning"** (A. S. Barnes, $4) has the advantage of being available also in a paperbound edition (Dell, 35¢). **"Spinning for Fresh Water Game Fish,"** by Joseph D. Bates, Jr. (Little, Brown, $5) appears very careful and complete, while Hal Sharp's **"Spin-Fishing"** (Sterling, $1.50) is a small pocket-size book full of diagrams that are very easy to follow.

Of the two humorous books about fishing **"Are Fishermen People,"** by Ed Zern (Harper, $1.95), really does have some amusing stories. The humor is not subtle but the anecdotes are well told. Humor, of course, is a most difficult and capricious art, and I may have been weak and tired when I read the book, but here and there it did make me laugh. However, my feelings about Beatrice Cook's **"Truth Is Stranger Than Fishin'"** (William Morrow, $3.50) are identical with my feelings about the title of the book.

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Movies are Better Than the Stage

Continued from page 6

moment is "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," a murky, unsatisfying play, woefully overpraised, that might eventually provide material for a good movie. (I keep remembering how beautifully "A Streetcar Named Desire" was adapted to its movie form.)

IT TOOK Laurence Olivier's "Henry V" to make a good many of us realize that a Shakespeare play could come to a stunning life, on film, never possible on the stage. Olivier's subsequent "Hamlet," the Mankiewicz-Houseman "Julius Caesar," Castellani's "Romeo and Juliet" have made the realization clearer. All the cumbersome and obsolete stage trappings were thrown in the discard; the Elizabethan speech was able to shine amidst new, but quite proper settings. Interpretations may always be quarreled with; in staged Shakespeare as well as filmed Shakespeare. In the films there were cuts, excisions, even the elimination of a character here and there. When someone complains gloomily about the cuts in "Romeo and Juliet" it is considered only polite not to ask which of the speeches were most sorely missed, and to assume, instead, that every cultivated person reads the play at least once every two weeks. I, for one, will not look the gift horse in the mouth too closely. I would rather recognize the fact that Shakespeare now has a popular audience no one prior to 1930 could ever have dreamed of. I am also prepared to accept the conclusion that today's stage is a poorer medium for Shakespeare than the film.

This isn't only because the movies can stage the Battle of Agincourt when the theatre cannot. In the cases I have mentioned above the lines come out clearer and more richly. They are, after all, spoken under optimum conditions; they can be heard as well by the pauper as by the rich man. In the Mankiewicz "Julius Caesar" millions have seen a magnificent—even fabulous—portrayal of Cassius, now also the possession of generations to come, as Booth's Hamlet was not. Part of the success of the Gielgud interpretation was made possible by the use of the close-up, a tool (and a handy one) unavailable to the stage.

Walter Kerr called this movie "an excellent reading of the play, carefully photographed." He went on to thank the producers "for making such a reading available (the stage at this time could not have afforded the cast)." He failed to mention the massive sets, the fluid change of scene, the hundreds of extras for the crowd scenes, the special effects used nicely for mood and atmosphere—all not only not affordable by the theatre, but not possible. As a *movie*, however, Mr. Kerr thought it inferior to the lowliest Chaplin two-reeler.

THIS notion, that the theatre is one thing and the film quite another, has been widespread for a long time. It has failed to take into account the continual development of the motion-picture form, from silence (and the eerie acting style the silence engendered) to the full use of modern screen *and* stage techniques. So astute a critic as the late James Agate put himself on record as follows: "I regard theatregoing as one thing, and filmgoing as quite another, and do not allow my films to impinge upon my plays. It is in the spectacular as opposed to the dramatic category that I place the films. The theatre, which talks about things rather than shows them, necessarily calls for a certain amount of imagination on the part of the playgoer, whereas the film, by showing everything, calls for no imagination at all."

I enjoy reading Agate, but on the above point I am afraid he was seeing through the mirror very darkly. It is axiomatic that, for dramatic effect, it is far more efficient to show something happening rather than to talk about it. Dialogue on the stage, the screen, or in fiction has its best use when it advances the action and characterizes. That the movies were able to eliminate that opening scene in which the maid and the butler talked about how late the master came home last night has been a relief to all of us. And when it is necessary, for the sake of subsequent action, to explain why Aunt Sadie behaves so curiously it is sometimes better not to have a friend of the family explain it for five minutes while sitting on a couch, but instead to backflash and show the significant moment that changed Aunt Sadie. The movies in this respect have the freedom of the novelist, a freedom playwrights have always envied. The flashback, of course, can be used on the stage, too—but how cumbersome

A Passionate Commissar to His Love

By Peter Viereck

MY WOLFHOUND messenger, your work today
Is not the Law's but Love's. So look less grim!
Take frisking-lessons from your daily lamb;
With love's glad myrtle, not with gloomy rue,
Adorn your snout, bedeck pinked fangs away.
Talc off your swarthiness with Yardley's best,
And shrill your growl up till it downright bleats.
No nips, wolf! Gambol with this billet-doux,
Composed with fading ink and coyly pressed
Between your jowls, home to my sweet of sweets:

"Dear heart: Last dusk what ecstasy was ours,
Hearing the thrushes in Uzbekistan
As sweetly sing as tractor-engines trill
In Ilya's odes; not cosmopolitan
But steeped in earth's first culture, how we sighed
One blissful word—just "Ehrenburg"—for hours!
Wallowing in soulfulness no West can feel,
How sensitive we are, how starry-eyed!

"And since we happen to be mentioning love,
My absence with you threw production off
Over a point below the daily Plan
While we heard thrushes in Uzbekistan.
My sister noticed this. I've spied a warning
(That she'll denounce me to the You Know Who)
Behind her doubly friendly smile this morning.
You wouldn't want to let her catch me napping;
So *my* report went off *first*, blaming you
That tractor quotas slumped by one point two.
When you have read this far, you'll hear Them rapping."

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the device seemed when Arthur Miller used it in "Death of a Salesman." Talking about things on the stage all too often brings on boredom, instead of stimulating the imagination.

But good dialogue—talk that interests and that also advances the action—can occur in movies as in plays. "All About Eve," for instance, had a lot of refreshing, literate, satiric talk. We all listened, quite unconcerned about whether the movie was moving or not. Films stimulate the imagination if the stories they tell are imaginatively stimulating. The limitation is not in the form, but in the material.

RECENTLY I had occasion to see some movies made from Broadway plays of a couple of seasons ago. How much more satisfying, it struck me, to see "I Am a Camera" in its film version. The screenwriter (John Collier) seemed to have decided that he might as well use some material in the Isherwood story "Sally Bowles" that John van Druten didn't utilize in the play. Atmosphere can be easily established with the camera, and here it is a great help to a subtle and not too substantial story. No need to confine the action to a single box set, and if Sally Bowles and Herr Issyvoo were to visit a restaurant off they went and entered it, not from the wings, as stage people do, but from a street, as real people do. There is no need to complain, after all, if the reality of an illusion can be heightened by realistic settings.

An even better case in point is "Summertime" (made from "The Time of the Cuckoo.") Instead of a stage Venice, we have a real Venice. Extraordinary color photography has made this Venice glow, but not because the writer and director had a travelogue in mind. The playwright wanted to show how the very atmosphere of Venice caused a spinsterish American woman to drop her scruples for a fling with a married Venetian. The movie is the most natural medium for the story. There before Miss Hepburn, and before us, is Venice. How else would she behave?

The stage versions, it is true, could speak somewhat more freely. Poor Sally was allowed her abortion in the play; the movie only allowed her to consider the idea. I'm not too unhappy that it worked out that way for her, but there is no denying that the stage can speak as adultly as it wishes to, while the movies must keep within the bounds of a concept known as "family entertainment." The existence of a network of censorship forces, keeping vigilant watch over the movies, is, in its way, a perverse tribute to the compelling power of the medium.

Yet, it's astonishing how, in spite of a constantly worn straitjacket, movies of mature content appear more and more frequently. "The Country Girl" (enhanced considerably in its transition from stage to screen) makes a profit, catapults its star to an Academy Award, and sets the producers to wondering which of its ingredients caused its success. Was it the stars, Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly? Then "Marty," without name stars, comes along, a low-budget film that is expected to bring in one of the biggest net profits, in terms of percentages, ever achieved by a movie. The writing is of a high order in both these pictures, the characterizations sound and sensitive. It is no wonder that Hollywood currently has a low regard for the hack-written screen "original," and is bidding instead for plays, the best TV scripts, novels, and short stories. The audience, having grown increasingly more selective in recent years, is showing a yen for the intelligent motion picture.

The Legion of Decency is again on the warpath, but it is noticeable that Hollywood isn't scaring quite so easily this time. For one thing, it's been found to be good publicity and financially rewarding to defy the censors. It happened with "The Moon Is Blue." Observers have noticed a certain amount of loosening, lately, in the Production Code. Adultery, which mustn't be shown "explicitly, or justified, or presented attractively," seems to be getting increasingly hard to define. The Code seal has been given "Summertime," in which Katharine Hepburn commits it, not unattractively.

Meanwhile, the stage has the edge in sophistication. It has a wider latitude of subjects that can be treated. There is a large audience still available to the theatre because of these ingredients. The pity is that the stage doesn't make better use of its artistic freedom. The theatrical series of four-letter words tossed, with excellent timing, at the audience in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" is a successful stunt, but hardly sensitive and illuminating theatre.

But Hollywood is feeling its oats.

It's as though it wants to demonstrate that it can do anything the stage can do, and better. M-G-M has announced that it will go ahead with its plans to make "Tea and Sympathy," a play that treats homosexuality with some explicitness. It seems to be blandly overlooking the Code provision that says: "Sex perversion or any *inference of it is forbidden.*" The Code is, without doubt, beginning to rock slightly from pressures put upon it. The much maligned movie audience is, in the long run, responsible for this development.

There is a significant story that lies behind the fortunes of United Artists, a motion-picture company that, in a few years, has risen from near bankruptcy to a healthy financial position. United Artists has a policy of what it terms "creative autonomy." In practice it is largely a financing and distributing corporation. A producer such as Stanley Kramer, a writer such as Joseph L. Mankiewicz, can get the necessary backing to make a movie and be allowed a free hand in the making of it. A tight control is kept on the budget, but not on content or treatment. "Marty," "Summertime," "The Night of the Hunter," are all the result of this policy. It has been noticed by other companies that United Artists has been giving some of the more staple studio products hot competition with its methods. As a result, there is no major studio that has not gone in for what is virtually independent production.

All around the world, at this time, are camped production teams making movies that wouldn't have been possible under the old studio assembly-line system. They are being made against natural backgrounds; they are giving talented film people the opportunity to make the kind of pictures they want to make. They won't all be good, but they will bring continued freshness to the screen, which obviously hasn't yet explored all its horizons. The stage, confined to Broadway, a hit psychology, and economic problems it finds harder and harder to solve, has less and less to offer the popular audience. That audience is elsewhere, seeing theatre at popular prices, with no wait for tickets, at the movies.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
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PEARL LUNT ROBINSON:
ANONYMOUS

I tell his Latin name with pride.
I do not know who lived inside
this polished shell. He left no trace,
no sign to set him from his race.
House-bound, he toured the ocean
floor: . . .

Who was at home in my horn to blow
sea-music on, I do not know.

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SR's Library Poll

A YEAR or so ago one of the knottiest political problems in the world seemed about to explode: Kenya. While a relatively few hardworking British farmers had created there a prosperous land, they had not been able to define successfully the position of the native Africans. Although the Mau Maus are now more or less quashed, it was a bloody business. This Kenya is the scene of Robert Ruark's controversial novel "Something of Value" (#3 on *SR*'s list).

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Gift from the Sea**
   by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (G)*
2. **Bonjour Tristesse**
   by Françoise Sagan (F)**
3. **Something of Value**
   by Robert Ruark (F)
4. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)
5. **A Man Called Peter**
   by Catherine Marshall (G)
6. **Why Johnny Can't Read**
   by Rudolf Flesch (G)
7. **Sincerely, Willis Wayde**
   by John P. Marquand (F)
8. **How to Live 365 Days a Year**
   by John A. Schindler (G)
9. **No Time for Sergeants**
   by Mac Hyman (F)
10. **Sunshine and Shadow**
    by Mary Pickford (G)
11. **Memories**
    by Ethel Barrymore (G)
12. **The View from Pompey's Head**
    by Hamilton Basso (F)
13. **Battle Cry**
    by Leon Uris (F)
14. **Party of One**
    by Clifton Fadiman (G)
15. **Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A**
    by Richard Aldrich (G)
16. **East of Eden**
    by John Steinbeck (F)
17. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
    by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)
18. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
    by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
19. **Run Silent, Run Deep**
    by Edward Latimer Beach (F)
20. **The Blackboard Jungle**
    by Evan Hunter (F)

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* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

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(Continued on page 34)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

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YOUNG MAN in Midwest, recently diagnosed victim of Hodgkin's Disease, seeks information as to therapy, doctors, hospitals, anywhere in nation from patients or relatives of patients. Don't need money, sympathy—only your experience and advice. PLEASE write Box W-702.

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PERSONABLE young man, 28, seeks interesting position entertainment field—film, TV background. Salary incidental. Box W-756.

WANTED: "Rubaiyat" by Baron Corvo, Meynard, Small. Boston. Box W-755.

I WANT to live in Europe; woman, 37, well-educated, traveled, cultured, personable, secretary of high skills, qualified social, author's, or business secretary. Box W-752.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Any of various parrots, many with handsome crests.	57 102 132 147 2 163 15 22
B. Constrained.	87 46 104 109 170 116 140
C. Ancient city, about on site of modern Tunis.	153 146 134 123 80 185 10 106
D. A portion given to a beggar at a house door (U.S. slang).	73 52 77 3 90 37 30
E. Familiar name for the final stage, storming of Sevastopol, 1855.	118 28 78 17 35
F. Terminal to which the electrons flow in an electric tube.	172 59 129 117 86
G. Caught in meshes.	169 13 66 145 26 54
H. Adam Bede's first love (George Eliot novel).	175 158 24 144 41
I. Specifying the Parliament dissolved by James I before it could take any actions.	63 97 1 48 148 36
J. Specifying window glass as held together by metal I-shaped bars.	7 68 76 65 100 44
K. The "smooth breathing" in phonetics.	186 12 23 60
L. Small parasitic fly whose abdomen is carried high above the thorax on a stalk.	70 139 61 49 16 180
M. Plundered.	103 93 31 79 165 8

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Trademark, the electronic "brain" much in the news, *during 1954 U.S. elections.*	142 94 34 108 149 157
O. Mythical monster in "Alice Through the Looking Glass."	141 135 150 29 181 126 69 159 89 58
P. Member of a relay team who runs the last leg.	183 156 85 25 128 32
Q. Accustomed by regular practice or repetition.	122 138 101 47 14 6 71 187
R. In an unwholesome way.	178 119 75 19 136 174 110 51
S. Beset, plague.	168 64 88 21 62 50
T. A sort of hitchhiker who goes along without asking.	177 127 162 4 9 105 111 182
U. To bring along by combined deceit and coercion.	38 99 155 53 164 67 45 56
V. Notch.	173 137 113 74 161 39
W. Strong form of glottal stop in Danish speech.	124 92 125 27
X. A train running back and forth over a short route, as to an outlying town.	33 154 131 72 98 20 81
Y. Discernment.	176 43 55 84 152 115 91
Z. Early Amer. oil magnate whose business formed the beginnings of Rockefeller's vast business, 1874.	171 83 42 167 184
Z^1. Compound character in Chinese writing.	82 133 179 160 5 121 40 95 18
Z^2. A medium.	151 96 143 114 11 120 130 107 112 166

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 I	2 A	3 D		4 T	5 Z^1	6 Q	7 J	8 M		9 T	10 C	11 Z^2	12 K
13 G		14 Q	15 A		16 L	17 E	18 Z^1	19 R	20 X	21 S		22 A	23 K		24 H	25 P
26 G		27 W	28 E	29 O	30 D	31 M	32 P	33 X		34 N	35 E	36 I	37 D	38 U	39 V	40 Z^1
41 H		42 Z	43 Y	44 J		45 U	46 B	47 Q	48 I	49 L	50 S	51 R		52 D	53 U	54 G
	55 Y	56 U	57 A	58 O	59 F	60 K	61 L	62 S		63 I	64 S	65 J		66 G	67 U	68 J
	69 O	70 L	71 Q	72 X	73 D	74 V	75 R		76 J	77 D	78 E		79 M	80 C	81 X	
82 Z^1	83 Z	84 Y	85 P	86 F		87 B	88 S		89 O	90 D	91 Y	92 W	93 M	94 N		95 Z^1
96 Z^2	97 I		98 X	99 U	100 J		101 Q	102 A	103 M	104 B		105 T	106 C	107 Z^2	108 N	109 B
110 R		111 T	112 Z^2	113 V		114 Z^2	115 Y	116 B		117 F	118 E	119 R	120 Z^2	121 Z^1	122 Q	123 C
124 W		125 W	126 O		127 T	128 P	129 F		130 Z^2	131 X	132 A	133 Z^1		134 C	135 O	136 R
137 V		138 Q	139 L	140 B		141 O	142 N	143 Z^2	144 H		145 G	146 C	147 A	148 I		149 N
	150 O	151 Z^2	152 Y		153 C	154 X	155 U	156 P	157 N	158 H		159 O	160 Z^1		161 V	162 T
163 A		164 U	165 M	166 Z^2	167 Z	168 S	169 G	170 B		171 Z	172 F	173 V	174 R		175 H	176 Y
177 T		178 R	179 Z^1	180 L	181 O	182 T		183 P	184 Z		185 C	186 K	187 Q			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 32 of this issue.

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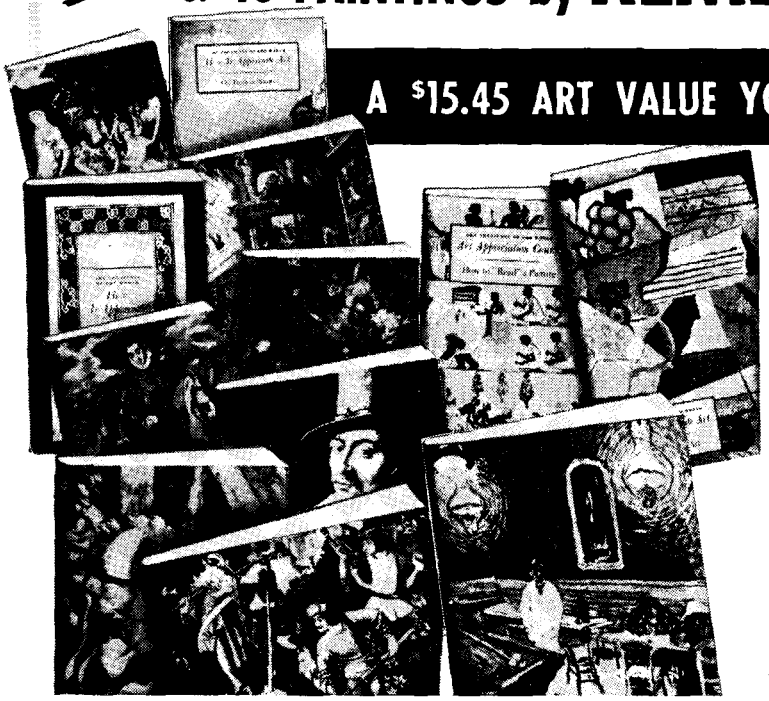

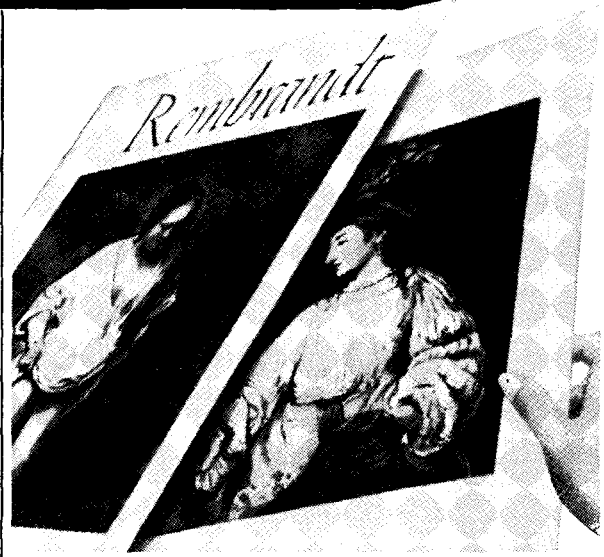

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